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GEMS FROM GEORGE H. MILES.

THE POET'S PRAISE.

*Hail to the bard ! whose peerless song
On duty, beauty, love and truth,
Though heard at first in careless youth,
Rings still in memory clear and strong.
That bard I'll praise. His heaven-sent flame,
His genius, ardor, art and skill,
Though he is gone, all linger still
And plead for him his right to fame.
I've read Christine with tears and smiles
And learned to praise the poet Miles.*

T. E. C.



George W. Miles.

GEMS FROM GEORGE H. MILES



ANNOTATED AND EDITED

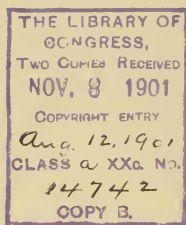
By *THE AUTHOR*

of

*"The Pillar and Ground of the
Truth"*



CHICAGO
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Introduction, Notes, Illustrations and New Matter

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1901



INTRODUCTION.

The purpose of this volume is to present, in popular form, a few characteristic selections from the poems, the plays, the novels, the essays and the orations of George H. Miles. It is hoped that these "Gems" may give pleasure to our readers, while proving beyond cavil our author's title to immortality. Some of the purest pearls of thought, some of the sweetest songs and most ennobling sentences, in the whole range of English literature flowed from his gifted pen. Vivid imagery, refined sentiment and natural tenderness characterize everything he wrote.

George Henry Miles was born in Baltimore July 31, 1824. His genealogy on the paternal side goes back to Puritan and English stock. On the maternal side we find Scotch and Hebrew-German blood. His father, William Miles, some time United States Consul at Hayti, was a native of New York. His grandfather was Captain George H. Miles. His great-grandfather, the first of his ancestors of whom we have definite

account, was Col. Thomas Miles, an officer in the British army, whose body lies buried at Wallingford, near New Haven.

The mother of George H. Miles was Sarah Mickle—"a great woman," says one who knew her well. "She loved good literature and taught her children to love it. . . . She had good sense, good humor, and good looks." Her father was Robert Mickle, the son of a Scotch settler in Baltimore. Her mother was Elizabeth Etting, of Philadelphia, whose ancestors were of Hebrew extraction. To this Elizabeth Etting Mickle, Miles' grandmother, who lived till her ninetieth year, the following lines refer:

"Here, too, a relic of primeval ways
And statelier manners, mingled with the grace
Of Israel, in the evening of her days
Baptized at fourscore, strongest of her race."

Miles received his Bachelor's degree from Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland, on June 28, 1843, and a few months later began the study of law in his native city, in the office of John H. B. Latrobe. On completing his legal studies, he formed a partnership with Edwin H. Webster,

who afterwards became a member of Congress. Miles found the practice of his profession uncongenial and irksome. Some one has said, "No great love existed between them at first, and it pleased Heaven to diminish it as they got better acquainted."

His first novel, "The Truce of God," was published as a serial about 1848. In 1849 his "Loretto, or The Choice," won a prize offered by a Baltimore paper for the best serial story. The next year Edwin Forrest offered one thousand dollars for the best drama produced by American talent, and Miles' tragedy in five acts, entitled "Mohammed," carried off the honors from a hundred competitors. In 1851 Mr. Miles became the bearer of certain diplomatic messages from President Fillmore to the Spanish Court at Madrid. In 1864 he visited Europe again, and soon after his return he wrote "Glimpses of Tuscany," which was published in 1868. His best known long poem, "Christine," appeared in 1866. His five-act blank-verse tragedy, "De Soto," was written for James E. Murdock, and was played by Murdock in 1851-52, and also by E. L. Daven-

port as late as 1855. But the supreme effort of Miles' literary life is his "Cromwell, a Tragedy," which remains in manuscript to this day, a monument to unappreciated genius.

Besides the works already mentioned, Miles is the author of a charming little story, "The Governess;" the comedies, "Señor Valiente," "Mary's Birthday," "Abou-Hassan," and many others; also a long satirical poem, "Aladdin's Palace," and an unfinished series of critiques on Shakespeare. The only one of these as yet published, "A Study of Hamlet," has attracted much attention on account of the singular beauty of the language and the clear insight into the character of the Danish prince.

In 1859 Miles accepted the chair of English Literature in his *Alma Mater*. On the 22d of February, of the same year, he married Miss Adeline Tiers. Soon he took up his residence at his beautiful country-seat near Emmitsburg, Md., to which he gave the name "Thornbrook." "The house where he dwelt," writes one of his pupils,¹ "has been unoccupied for many years,

¹ Thomas W. Kenney, M. D., LL. D., of Philadelphia.

and the once beautiful grounds and smiling garden are no longer cared for. Yet even now Thornbrook is a delightful spot, and one can imagine how happy Mr. Miles' life must have been in so pleasant a home. A short distance from the main road, at the end of a little wood, we see the poet's handsome cottage gleaming through the trees. It stands in a small grove. Pine-trees and a few silver maples, together with thick bushes, almost hide it from sight. Back of the cottage are many fruit trees, a broken grape-arbor and a long-neglected garden. Here in his quiet home George H. Miles enjoyed the solitude which he needed and loved.

His teachers were the delly woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Prof. George Henry Miles, poet, dramatist, novelist and critic, died at Thornbrook July 23, 1871. All that was mortal of him sleeps in the mountain churchyard, within a mortuary chapel which his own pen had consecrated to the Muses:—

“ Holding the very summit of the slope,
A pointed chapel, girt with evergreen
And frailer foliage — still as hope —
Watches the east for morning’s earliest sheen :
Within it slumbers one
For whom the tears of unextinguished grief still run.

“ The sunset shadow of this chapel falls
Upon a classmate’s grave : a rare delight
Laughed in his youth, but, one by one, the halls
Of life were darkened, till, amid the night,
A single star remained —
Bright herald of the paradise by tears regained.



THE POET’S GRAVE.

“ High in the bending trees the north wind sings,
The shining chestnuts at my feet are rolled ;
The shivering mountains, bare as bankrupt kings,
Sit beggared of their purple and their gold :
The naked plain below
Sighs to the clouds, impatient of its robe of snow.”

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	5
CHRISTINE	15
Note	16
The Castle of Miolan (<i>From 1st Canto</i>)....	17
The Baron's Tale (<i>From 1st Canto</i>).....	19
The Funeral Room (<i>From 2d Canto</i>).....	27
The Baron's Tale — Con. (<i>From 2d Canto</i>)..	30
Pilate's Peak (<i>From 3rd Canto</i>).....	38
The Prelude (<i>From 4th Canto</i>).....	42
The Tournament (<i>From 4th Canto</i>).....	43
Flight of Christine (<i>From 4th Canto</i>).....	53
The Resuscitation (<i>From 5th Canto</i>).....	63
A Provençal Sonnet (<i>From 5th Canto</i>).....	68
The Knight's Song (<i>From 5th Canto</i>).....	69
ALADDIN'S PALACE	73
INKERMANN	79
AMIN	95
Egypt	95
The Soldier's Banquet Song.....	98
ART POEMS.....	101
Note	102
Raphael Sanzio.....	103
San Sisto.....	117
Note	120
The Ivory Crucifix.....	121
MINOR POEMS	129
Note	130
The Devil's Visit to —.....	131
An Ambrotype.....	132

	PAGE.
An Album Piece.....	133
The Reverse.....	134
Said the Rose.....	135
The Albatross.....	140
Beatrice	143
Partings	147
There was a time.....	148
Manuscript Facsimile (<i>From "Amin"</i>).....	149
On the Death of Dr. —.....	150
TRAGEDIES	153
Notes	154
MOHAMMED	155
Author's Preface.....	155
The Founding of Islam.....	158
DE SOTO	172
The Death of De Soto.....	172
CROMWELL	182
The Execution of Charles I.....	182
COMEDIES	191
Note	192
Author's Preface (<i>Señor Valiente</i>).....	193
SENOR VALIENTE.....	195
MARY'S BIRTHDAY.....	199
ABOU HASSAN.....	205
ECHO SONG.....	210
ESSAYS, ORATIONS, ETC.....	211
Note	212
A Study of Hamlet.....	213
Reverence	221
The Pilgrims.....	226
Glimpses of Tuscany.....	229
The Governess.....	232
Loretto	246
SENTENCES, PHRASES, AND FIGURES.....	252

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
George H. Miles (<i>facing page</i>).....	2
The Poet's Grave (<i>on page</i>).....	10
Flight of Christine (<i>map page</i>).....	56
The Santo Sudario (<i>on page</i>).....	61
Transfiguration (<i>facing page</i>).....	104
Sistine Madonna (<i>facing page</i>).....	120
Manuscript Facsimile (<i>from "Amin"</i>).....	149
Burial of De Soto (<i>on page</i>).....	181
Echo Song (<i>from "A Picture of Innocence"</i>)..	210

CHRISTINE.

NOTE.

“Christine” contains a story within a story, or a song within a song. The enveloping part carries one back to Palestine, at the beginning of the third Crusade, August, 1191. The inner part, which is the real “Christine,” is a romance, in five cantos, connected with the first Crusade. The scene is laid in Southern France. (See map on page 56.)

The poem is full of spirit and action. The Fourth Canto, which tells of the tournament and of the flight of Christine, is not surpassed in descriptive power or thrilling interest by any similar production in our language.

The story of “Christine” proper concludes with a sonnet constructed after a form peculiar to Provence, where the sonnet originated.

THE CASTLE OF MIOLAN.

(From First Canto.)

Ye have heard of the Castle of Miolan
And how it hath stood since time began,
Midway to yon mountain's brow,
Guarding the beautiful valley below :
Its crest the clouds, its ancient feet
Where the Arc and the Isère murmuring meet.
Earth hath few lovelier scenes to show
Than Miolan with its hundred halls,
Its massive towers and bannered walls,
Looming out through the vines and walnut woods
That gladden its stately solitudes.

And there might ye hear but yestermorn
The loud halloo and the hunter's horn,

The laugh of mailèd men at play,
The drinking bout and the roundelay.
But now all is sternest silence there,
Save the bell that calls to vesper prayer ;
Save the ceaseless surge of a father's wail,
And, hark ! ye may hear the Baron's Tale.

THE BARON'S TALE.

(*From First Canto.*)

“ Come hither, Hermit ! — Yestermorn
I had an only son,
A gallant fair as e'er was born,
A knight whose spurs were won
In the red tide by Godfrey's side
As Ascalon.

“ But yestermorn he came to me
For blessing on his lance,
And death and danger seemed to flee
The joyance of his glance,
For he would ride to win his Bride,
Christine of France.

“ All sparkling in the sun he stood
In mail of Milan dressed,
A scarf, the gift of her he wooed,

Lay lightly o'er his breast,
As, with a clang, to horse he sprang
With nodding crest.

“ Gaily he grasped the stirrup cup
Afoam with spicy ale,
But as he took the goblet up
Methought his cheek grew pale,
And a shudder ran through the iron man
And through his mail.

“ Oft had I seen him breast the shock
Of squire or crownèd king ;
His front was firm as rooted rock
When spears were shivering :
I knew no blow could shake him so
From living thing.

“ 'Twas something near akin to death
That blanched and froze his cheek,
Yet 'twas not death, for he had breath,
And when I bade him speak,

Unto his breast his hand he pressed
With one wild shriek.

“ The hand thus clasped upon his heart
So sharply curbed the rein,
Grey Caliph, rearing with a start,
Went bounding o’er the plain,
Away, away with echoing neigh
And streaming mane.

“ After him sped the menial throng ;
I stirred not in my fear ;
Perchance I swooned, for it seemed not long
Ere the race did reappear,
And my son still led on his desert-bred,
Grasping his spear.

“ Unchanged in look or limb, he came,
He and his barb so fleet,
His hand still on his heart, the same
Stern bearing in his seat,
And wheeling round with sudden bound
Stopped at my feet.

“ And soon as ceased that wildering tramp,
‘ What ails thee, boy?’ I cried —
Taking his hand all chill and damp —
‘ What means this fearful ride?
Alight, alight, for lips so white
Would scare a Bride!’

“ But sternly to his steed clove he,
And answer made me none.
I clasped him by his barbèd knee
And there I made my moan;
While icily he stared at me,
At me alone.

“ A strange, unmeaning stare was that,
And a page beside me said,
‘ If ever corse in saddle sat,
Our lord is certes sped!’
But I smote the lad, for it drove me mad
To think him dead.

“ What! dead so young,— what! lost so soon.
My beautiful, my brave!

Sooner the sun should find at noon

In central heaven a grave!

Sweet Jesu, no, it is not so

When Thou canst save!

“ For was he dead and was he sped,

When he could ride so well,

So bravely bear his plumèd head?

Or, was't some spirit fell

In causeless wrath had crossed his path

With fiendish spell?

“ Oh, Hermit, 'twas a cruel sight,

And He, who loves to bless,

Ne'er sent on son such bitter blight,

On sire such sore distress,

Such piteous pass, and I, alas,

So powerless!

“ They would have ta'en him from his horse

The while I wept and prayed;

They would have lain him like a corse

Upon a litter made
Of traversed spear and martial gear,
But I forbade.

“ I gazed into his face again,
I chafed his hand once more,
I summoned him to speak, in vain —
He sat there as before,
While the gallant Grey in dumb dismay
His rider bore.

“ Full well, full well Grey Caliph then
The horror seemed to know ;
E'en deeper than my mailèd men
Methought he felt our woe ;
For the barbèd head of the desert-bred
Was drooping low.

* * * * *

“ A sudden clang of armor rang,
My boy lay on the sward,
Up high in air Grey Caliph sprang,

An instant fiercely pawed,
Then trembling stood aghast and viewed
His fallen lord.

“ Then with the flash of fire away
Like sunbeam o’er the plain,
Away, away with echoing neigh
And wildly waving mane,
Away he sped, loose from his head
The flying rein.

“ I watched the steed from pass to pass
Unto the welkin’s rim ;
I feared to turn my eyes, alas,
To trust a look at him ;
And when I turned, my temples burned
And all grew dim.

* * * * *

“ Sweet if such swoon could endless be,
Yet speedily I woke
And missed my boy : they showed him me

Full length on bed of oak,
Clad as 'twas meet in mail complete
And sable cloak.

“All of our race upon that bier
Had rested one by one.
I had seen my father lying there,
And now there lay my son!
Ah! my sick soul bled the while it said —
‘Thy will be done!’

* * * * *

“I sent for thee, thou man of God,
To watch with me to-night;
My boy still liveth, by the rood,
Nor shall be funeral rite! —
But, Hermit, come: this is the room:
There lies the Knight!”

THE FUNERAL ROOM.

(From Second Canto.)

They passed into an ancient hall
With oaken arches spanned.
Full many a shield hung on the wall,
Full many a broken brand,
And barbèd spear and scimitar
From Holy Land.

And scarfs of dames of high degree
With gold and jewels rich,
And many a mouldered effigy
In many a mouldering niche,
Like grey sea shells whose crumbling cells
Bestrew the beach.

The sacred dead possessed the place,
The silent cobweb wreathed
The tombs where slept that warrior race,
With swords forever sheathed :

You seemed to share the very air
Which they had breathed.

Oh, darksome was that funeral room,
Those oaken arches dim,
The torchlight, struggling through the gloom,
Fell faint on effige grim,
On dragon dread and carvèd head
Of Cherubim.

Of Cherubim fast by a shrine
Whereon the last sad rite
Was wont for all that ancient line,
For dame and belted knight —
A shrine of Moan which death alone
Did ever light.

But light not now that altar stone
While hope of life remain,
Though darksome be that altar lone,
Unlit that funeral fane,
Save by the rays cast by the blaze
Of torches twain.

Of torches twain at head and heel
Of him who seemeth dead,
Who sleepeth so well in his coat of steel,
His cloak around him spread —
The young Knight fair, who lieth there
On oaken bed.

One hand still fastened to his heart,
The other on his lance,
While through his eyelids, half apart,
Life seemeth half to glance.
“ Sweet youth awake, for Jesu’s sake,
From this strange trance ! ”

THE BARON'S TALE — CONTINUED.

(From Second Canto.)

“Not yet!” the Baron gasped, and sank
As if beneath a blow,
With lips all writhing as they drank
The dregs of deepest woe;
With eyes aglare, and scattered hair
Tossed to and fro.

So swings the leaf that lingers last
When wintry tempests sweep,
So reels when storms have stripped the mast
The galley on the deep,
So nods the snow on Eigher's brow
Before the leap.

Uncertain 'mid his tangled hair
His palsied fingers stray,

He smileth in his dumb despair
Like a sick child at play,
Though wet, I trow, with tears eno'
That beard so grey.

Oh, Hermit, lift him to your breast,
There best his heart may bleed ;
Since none but heaven can give him rest,
Heaven's priest must meet his need :
Dry that white beard, now wet and weird
As pale sea-weed.

Uprising slowly from the ground,
With short and frequent breath,
In aimless circles, round and round,
The Baron tottereth
With trailing feet, a mourner meet
For house of death.

Till, pausing by the shrine of Moan,
He said, the while he wept,
" Here, Hermit, here mine only one,

When all the castle slept,
As maiden knight, o'er armor bright,
His first watch kept.

“ This is the casque that first he wore,
And this his virgin shield,
This lance to his first tilt he bore,
With this first took the field —
How light, how lâche to that huge ash
He now doth wield!

“ This blade hath levelled at a blow
The she-wolf in her den,
With this red falchion he laid low
The slippery Saracen.
God! will that hand, so near his brand,
Ne'er strike again?

“ Frown not on him, ye men of old,
Whose glorious race is run;
Frown not on him, my fathers bold,
Though many the field ye won:

His name and fate may with yours mate
Though but begun!

“Receive him, ye departed brave,
Unlock the gates of light,
And range yourselves about his grave
To hail a brother knight,
Who never erred in deed or word
Against the right!

“But is he dead and is he sped
Withouten scathe or scar?
Why, Hermit, he hath often bled
From sword and scimitar —
I’ve seen him ride, wounds gaping wide,
From war to war.

“And hath a silent, viewless thing
Laid danger’s darling low,
When youth and hope were on the wing
And life in morning glow?
Not yonder worm in winter’s storm
Perisheth so!

“ Oh, Hermit, thou hast heard, I ween,
Of trances long and deep,
But, Hermit, hast thou ever seen
That grim and stony sleep,
And canst thou tell how long a spell
Such slumbers keep?

“ Oh, be there naught to break the charm,
To thaw this icy chain;
Hath Mother Church no word to warm
These freezing lips again;
Be holy prayer and balsams rare
Alike in vain? . . .

“ A curse on thy ill-omened head;
Man, bid me not despair;
Churl, say not that a Knight is dead
When he can couch his spear;
When he can ride — Monk, thou hast lied.
He lives, I swear!

“ Up from that bier! Boy, to thy feet!
Know'st not thy father's voice?

Thou ne'er hast disobeyed . . . is't meet

A sire should summon thrice?

By these grey hairs, by these salt tears,

Awake, arise!

“ Ho, lover, to thy ladye flee,

Dig deep the crimson spur;

Sleep not 'twixt this lean monk and me

When thou shouldst kneel to her!

Oh 'tis a sin, Christine to win

And thou not stir!

“ Ho, laggard, hear yon trumpet's note

Go sounding to the skies,

The lists are set, the banners float,

Yon loud-mouthed herald cries,

‘ Ride, gallant knights, Christine invites,

Herself the prize!’

“ Ho, craven, shun'st thou the mêlée,

When she expects thy brand

To prove to-day in fair tourney

A title to her hand?

Up, dullard base, or by the mass
I'll make thee stand!" . . .

Thrice strove he then to wrench apart
Those fingers from the spear,
Thrice strove to sever from the heart
The hand that rested there;
Thrice strove in vain with frantic strain
That shook the bier.

Thrice with the dead the living strove,
Their armor rang a peal,
The sleeping knight he would not move
Although the sire did reel:
That stately corse defied all force,
Stubborn as steel.

"Ay, dead, dead, dead!" the Baron cried;
"Dear Hermit, I did rave.
O were we sleeping side by side! . . .
Good monk, I pardon crave
For all I said. . . . Ay, he is dead,
Pray heaven to save!

“ Betake thee to thy orisons
And let me while I may
Rain kisses on these frozen cheeks
Before they know decay.
Leave me to weep and watch and keep
The worm at bay.

“ Thou wilt not spare thy prayers, I trust ;
But name not now the grave —
I’ll watch him to the very dust ! . . .
So, Hermit, to thy cave,
Whilst here I cling lest creeping thing
Insult the brave ! ”

PILATE'S PEAK.

(From Third Canto.)

Fronting the vine-clad Hermitage,—
Its hoary turrets mossed with age,
Its walls with flowers and grass o'ergrown,—
 A ruined Castle, throned so high
 Its battlements invade the sky,
Looks down upon the rushing Rhone.
From its tall summits you may see
The sunward slopes of Côte Rotie
With its red harvest's revelry ;
While eastward, midway to the Alpine snows,
Soar the sad cloisters of the Grande Chartreuse.
And here, 'tis said, to hide his shame,
The thrice accursèd Pilate came ;
And here the very rock is shown,
 Where, racked and riven with remorse,
 Mad with the memory of the Cross,
He sprang and perished in the Rhone.

'Tis said that certain of his race
Made this tall peak their dwelling place,
And built them there this castle keep
To mark the spot of Pilate's leap.

Full many the tale of terror told
At eve, with changing cheek,
By maiden fair and stripling bold,
Of these dark keepers of the height
And, most of all, of the Wizard Knight,

The Knight of Pilate's Peak.

His was a name of terror known

And feared through all Provence;
Men breathed it in an undertone,

With quailing eye askance,
Till the good Dauphin of Vienne,

And Miolan's ancient Lord,
One midnight stormed the robber den

And gave them to the sword;
All save the Wizard Knight, who rose
In a flame-wreath from his dazzled foes;
All save a child, with golden hair,

Whom the Lord of Miolan deigned to spare
In ruth to womanhood.
But who is he, with step of fate,
Goes gloomily through the castle gate
In the morning's virgin prime?
Why scattereth he with frenzied hand
The fierce flame of that burning brand,
Chaunting an ancient rhyme?
The eagle, scared from her blazing nest,
Whirls with a scream round his sable crest.
What muttereth he with demon smile,
Shaking his mailèd hand the while
Toward the Chateau of La Sône,
Where champing steed and bannered tent
Gave token of goodly tournament,
And the Golden Dolphin shone?
"Woe to the last of the Dauphin's line,
When the eagle shrieks and the red lights shine
Round the towers of Pilate's Peak!
Burn, beacon, burn!"—and as he spoke
From the ruined towers curled the pillared
smoke,

As the light flame leapt from the ancient oak
And answered the eagle's shriek.
Man and horse down the hillside sprang
And a voice through the startled forest rang —
"I ride, I ride to win my bride.
Ho, Eblis! to thy servant's side;
Thou hast sworn no foe
Shall lay me low
Till the dead in arms against me ride."

* * * * *

But hark! the cry of the clamorous horn
Smites the bright stillness of the morn.
From moated wall, from festal hall,
The banners beckon, the bugles call;
Already flames, in the lists unrolled
O'er the Dauphin's tent, the Dolphin gold.
A hundred knights in armor glancing,
Hurry afield with pennons dancing,
Each with a vow to splinter a lance
For Christine, the Lily of Provence.

PRELUDE.

(From Fourth Canto.)

Amid the gleam of princely war
Christine sat like the evening star,
Pale in the sunset's pageant bright,
A separate and sadder light.

O bitter task
To rear aloft that shining head,
While round thee, cruel whisperers ask —
“Marry, what aileth the Bridegroom gay?
The heralds have waited as long as they may,
Yet never a sign of the gallant Grey.
Is Miolan false or dead?”

THE TOURNAMENT.

(From Fourth Canto.)

The Dauphin eyed Christine askance :
“ We have tarried too long,” quoth he ;
“ Doth the Savoyard fear the thrust of France ?
By the Bride of Heaven, no laggard lance
Shall ever have guard of thee ! ”

You could see the depths of the dark eyes shine
And a glow on the marble cheek,
As she whispered, “ Woe to the Dauphin’s line
When the eagle shrieks and the red lights shine
Round the towers of Pilate’s Peak.”

She levelled her white hand toward the west,
Where the omen beacon shone ;
And he saw the flame on the castle crest,
And a livid glare light the mountain’s breast
Even down to the rushing Rhone.

Never braver lord in all the land
Than that Dauphin true and tried;
But the rein half fell from his palsied hand
And his fingers worked at the jewelled brand
That shook in its sheath at his side.

For it came with a curse from earliest time,
It was carved on his father's halls,
It had haunted him ever from clime to clime,
And at last the red light of the ancient rhyme
Is burning on Pilate's walls!

Yet warrior-like beneath his feet
Trampling the sudden fear,
He cried, "Let thy lover's foot be fleet —
If thy Savoyard would wed thee, sweet,
By Saint Mark, he were better here!

"For I know by yon light there is danger near,
And I swear by the Holy Shrine,

Be it virgin spear or Miolan's heir,
The victor to-day shall win and wear
This menaced daughter of mine!"

The lists are aflame with the gold and steel
Of knights in their proud array,
And gong and tymbalon chiming peal
As forward the glittering squadrons wheel
To the jubilant courser's neigh.

The Dauphin sprang to the maiden's side,
And thrice aloud cried he,
"Ride, gallants all, for beauty ride,
Christine herself is the victor's bride,
Whoever the victor be!"

And thrice the heralds cried it aloud,
While a wondering whisper ran
From the central lists to the circling crowd,
For all knew the virgin hand was vowed
To the heir of Miolan.

Quick at the Dauphin's plighted word
Full many an eye flashed fire,
Full many a knight took a truer sword,
Tried buckle and girth, and many a lord
Chose a stouter lance from his squire.

Back to the barrier's measured bound
Each gallant speedeth away;
Then, forward fast to the trumpet's sound,
A hundred horsemen shake the ground
And meet in the mad mêlée.

Crimson the spur and crimson the spear,
The blood of the brave flows fast;
But Christine is deaf to the dying prayer,
Blind to the dying eyes that glare
On her as they look their last.

She sees but a Black Knight striking so well
That the bravest shun his path;
His name or his nation none may tell,

But wherever he struck a victim fell
At the feet of that shape of wrath.

“’Fore God,” quoth the Dauphin, “that unknown sword

Is making a merry day!”

But where, oh where is the Savoyard,
For low in the slime of that trampled sward
Lie the flower of the Dauphinée!

* * * * *

And the victor stranger rideth alone,
Wiping his bloody blade;
And now that to meet him there is none,
Now that the warrior work is done,
He moveth toward the maid.

Sternly, as if he came to kill,
Toward the damsel he turneth his rein;
His trumpet sounding a challenge shrill,
While the fatal lists of La Sône are still
As he paces the purple plain.

A hollow voice through the visor cried,
“Mount to the crupper with me.
Mount, Ladye, mount to thy master’s side,
For ’tis said and ’tis sworn thou shalt be the
Bride
Of the victor, whoever he be.”

At sound of that voice a sudden flame
Shot out from the Dauphin’s eyes,
And he said, “Sir Knight, ere we grant thy
claim,
Let us see the face, let us hear the name,
Of the gallant who winneth the prize.”

“’Tis a name you know and a face you fear,”
The Wizard Knight began;
“Or hast thou forgotten that midnight drear,
When my sleeping fathers felt the spear
Of Vienne and Miolan?”

“ Ay, quiver and quail in thy coat of mail,
For hark to the eagle's shriek;
See the red light burns for the coming bale!”
And all knew as he lifted his aventayle
The Knight of Pilate's Peak.

From the heart of the mass rose a cry of wrath
As they sprang at the shape abhorred,
But he swept the foremost from his path,
And the rest fell back from the fatal swath
Of that darkly dripping sword.

But up rose the Dauphin brave and bold,
And strode out upon the green,
And quoth he, “ Foul fiend, if my purpose hold,
By my halidome, tho' I'm passing old,
We'll splinter a lance for Christine.

“ Since her lovers are low or recreant,
Her champion shall be her sire;

So get a fresh lance from yonder tent,
For though my vigor be something spent,
I fear neither thee nor thy fire!"

Swift to the stirrup the Dauphin he sprang,
The bravest and best of his race:
No bugle blast for the combat rang;
Save the clattering hoof and the armor clang,
All was still as each rode to his place.

With the crash of an April avalanche
They meet in that merciless tilt;
Back went each steed with shivering haunch,
Back to the croup bent each rider staunch,
Shivered each spear to the hilt.

Thrice flies the Baron's battle-axe round
The Wizard's sable crest;
But the coal-black steed, with a sudden bound,
Hurled the old Crusader to the ground,
And stamped on his mailèd breast.

Thrice by the vengeful war-horse spurned,
Lowly the Dauphin lies;
While the Black Knight laughed as again he
turned
Toward the lost Christine, and his visor burned
As he gazed at his beautiful prize.

Her doom you might read in that gloating
stare,
But no fear in the maid can you see;
Nor is it the calm of a dumb despair,
For hope sits aglow on her forehead fair,
And she murmurs, "At last — it is he!"

Proudly the maiden hath sprung from her seat,
Proudly she glanceth around,
One hand on her bosom to stay its beat,
For hark! there's a sound like the flying feet
Of a courser, bound after bound.

Clearing the lists with a leopard-like spring,
Plunging at top of his speed,

Swift o'er the ground as a bird on the wing,
There bursts, all afoam, through the wonder-
ing ring,
A gallant but riderless steed.

Arrow-like, straight to the maiden he sped,
With a long, loud, tremulous neigh,
The rein flying loose round his glorious head,
While all whisper again, "Is the Savoyard
dead?"

As they gaze at the riderless Grey.

One sharp, swift pang thro' the virgin heart,
One wildering cry of woe,
Then fleeter than dove to her calling nest,
Lighter than chamois on Malaval's crest,
She leaps to the saddle bow.

THE FLIGHT OF CHRISTINE.

(From Fourth Canto.)

“ Away ! ” He knew the sweet voice ; away,
 With never a look behind ;
Away, away, with echoing neigh
And streaming mane, goes the gallant Grey,
 Like an eagle before the wind.

They have cleared the lists, they have passed
 her bower,
And still they are thundering on ;
They are over the bridge — another hour,
A league behind them the Leaning Tower
 And the spires of Saint Antoine.

Away, away in their wild career
 Past the slopes of Mont Surjeu ;
Thrice have they swum the swift Isère,
And firm and clear in the purple air
 Soars the Grand Som full in view.

Rough is their path and sternly steep,
Yet halting never a whit,
Onward the terrible pace they keep,
While the good Grey, breathing free and deep,
Steadily strains at the bit.

They have left the lands where the tall hemp
springs,
Where the clover bends to the bee ;
They have left the hills where the red vine
flings
Her clustered curls of a thousand rings
Round the arms of the mulberry tree.

They have left the lands where the walnut lines
The roads, and the chestnuts blow ;
Beneath them the thread of the cataract shines,
Around them the plumes of the warrior pines,
Above them the rock and the snow.

Thick on his shoulders the foam flakes lay,
Fast the big drops roll from his chest,

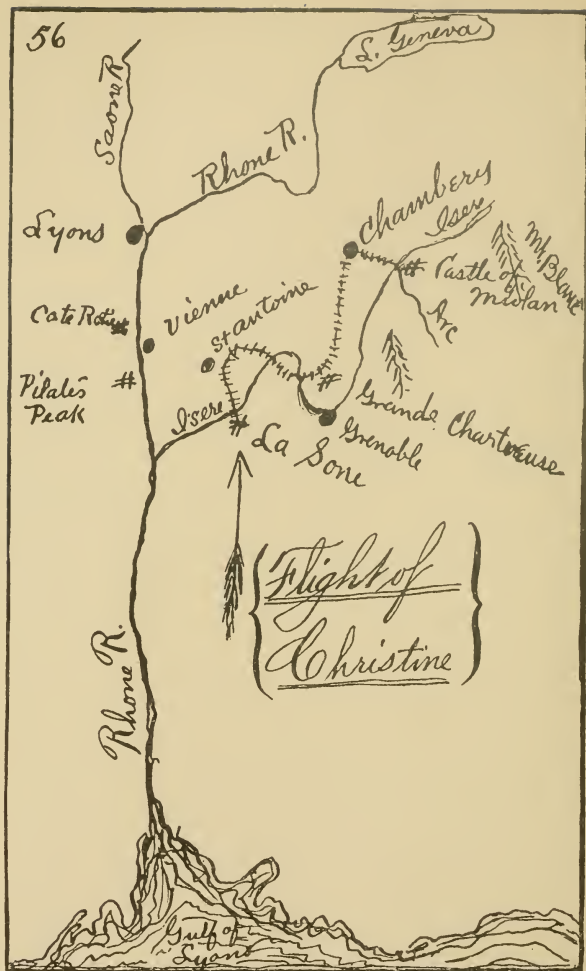
Yet on, ever on, goes the gallant Grey,
Bearing the maiden as smoothly as spray
Asleep on the ocean's breast.

Onward and upward, bound after bound,
By Bruno's Bridge he goes ;
And now they are treading holy ground,
For the feet of her flying Caliph sound
By the cells of the Grande Chartreuse.

Around them the darkling cloisters frown,
The sun in the valley hath sunk ;
When right in her path, lo ! the long white
gown,
The withered face and the shaven crown
And the shrivelled hand of a monk.

A light like a glittering halo played
Round the brow of the holy man ;
With lifted finger her course he stayed,
" All is not well," the pale lips said,
" With the heir of Miolan.

56



“ But in Chambery hangs a relic rare
Over the altar stone :
Take it, and speed to thy Bridegroom’s bier ;
If the Sacristan question who sent thee there,
Say, ‘ Bruno, the Monk of Cologne.’ ”

She bent to the mane while the cross he signed
Thrice o’er the suppliant head :
“ Away with thee, child ! ” and away like the
wind
She went, with a startled glance behind,
For she heard an ominous tread.

The moon is up, ’tis a glorious night,
They are leaving the rock and the snow,
Mont Blanc is before her, phantom white,
While the swift Isère, with its line of light,
Cleaves the heart of the valley below.

But hark to the challenge, “ Who rideth
alone ? ” —

“ O warder, bid me not wait ! —

My lover lies dead and the Dauphin o'er-
thrown —

A message I bear from the Monk of Co-
logne "—

And she swept thro' Chambery's gate.

The Sacristan kneeleth in midnight prayer

By Chambery's altar stone.

"What meaneth this haste, my daughter fair?"

She stooped and murmured in his ear

The name of the Monk of Cologne.

Slowly he took from its jewelled case

A kerchief that sparkled like snow,

And the Minster shone like a lighted vase

As the deacon unveiled the gleaming face

Of the *Santo Sudario*.

A prayer, a tear, and to saddle she springs,

Clasping the relic bright;

Away, away, for the fell hoof rings

Down the hillside behind her — God give her
wings!

The fiend and his horse are in sight.

On, on, the gorge of the Doriat's won,
She is nearing her Savoyard's home,
By the grand old road where the warrior son
Of Hamilcar swept with his legions dun,
On his mission of hatred to Rome.

The ancient oaks seem to rock and reel
As the forest rushes by her,
But nearer cometh the clash of steel,
And nearer falleth the fatal heel,
With its flickering trail of fire.

Then first her hopeful heart grew sick
'Neath its load of love and fear,
For the Grey is breathing faint and quick,
And his nostrils burn, and the drops fall thick
From the point of each drooping ear.

His glorious neck hath lost its pride,
His back fails beneath her weight,
While steadily gaining, stride by stride,
The Black Knight thunders to her side —
Heaven, must she meet her fate?

She shook the loose rein o'er the trembling
head,
She laid her soft hand on his mane,
She called him her Caliph, her desert-bred,
She named the sweet springs where the palm
trees spread
Their arms o'er the burning plain.

But the Grey looked back and sadly scanned
The maid with his earnest eyes —
A moment more and her cheek is fanned
By the black steed's breath, and the demon
hand
Stretches out for the virgin prize.



But she calls on Christ, and the kerchief white
Waves full in the face of her foe:
Back with an oath reeled the Wizard Knight

As his steed crouched low in the wondrous
light

Of the *Santo Sudario*.

Blinded they halt while the maiden hies,
The murmuring Arc she can hear,
And, lo! like a cloud on the shining skies,
Atop of yon perilous precipice,
The castle of Miolan's Heir.

"Fail not, my steed!" — Round her Caliph's
head

The relic shines like the sun:
Leap after leap up the spiral steep,
He speeds to his master's castle keep,
And his glorious race is won.

THE RESUSCITATION.

(From Fifth Canto.)

“ Hither, hither, thou mailèd man

With those woman’s tears in thine eyes,
With thy brawny cheeks all wet and wan,
Show me the heir of Miolan,

Lead where my Bridegroom lies.”

And he led her on with a sullen tread,

That fell like a muffled groan,
Through halls as silent as the dead,
’Neath long grey arches overhead,
Till they came to the shrine of Moan.

What greets her there by the torches’ glare?

In vain hath the mass been said!
Low kneels the Hermit in silent prayer,
Low kneels the Hermit in silent prayer,
Between them the mighty dead.

No tear she shed, no word she spoke,
But gliding up to the bier,
She took her stand by the bed of oak
Where her Savoyard lay in his sable cloak,
His hand still fast on his spear.

She bent her burning cheek to his
And rested it there awhile,
Then touched his lips with a lingering kiss,
And whispered him thrice, "My love, arise,
I have come for thee many a mile!"

The man of God and the ancient Knight
Arose in tremulous awe;
She was so beautiful, so bright,
So spirit-like in her bridal white,
It seemed in the dim funereal light
'Twas an angel that they saw.

"Thro' forest fell, o'er mount and dell,
Like the falcon, hither I've flown,
For I knew that a fiend was loose from hell,

And I bear a token to break this spell
From Bruno, the Monk of Cologne.

“Dost thou know it, love? When fire and sword
Flamed round the Holy Shrine,
It was won by thee from the Paynim horde,
It was brought by thee to Bruno's guard,
A gift from Palestine.

“Wake, wake, my love! In the name of Grace,
That hath known our uttermost woe,
Lo! this thorn-crowned brow on thine I
place!” [face
And, once more revealed, shone the wondrous
Of the *Santo Sudario*.

At once over all that ancient hall
There went a luminous beam;
Heaven's deepest radiance seemed to fall,
The helmets shine on the shining wall,
And the faded banners gleam.

And the chime of hidden cymbals rings
To the song of a cherub choir;

Each altar angel waves his wings,
And the flame of each altar taper springs
Aloft in a luminous spire.

And over the face of the youth there broke
A smile both stern and sweet ;
Slowly he turned on the bed of oak,
And proudly folding his sable cloak
Around him, sprang to his feet.

Back shrank the sire, half terrified,
Both he and the Hermit, I ween ;
But she — she is fast to her Savoyard's side,
A poet's dream, a warrior's bride,
His beautiful Christine.

Her hair's dark tangles all astray
Adown her back and breast ;
The print of the rein on her hand still lay,
The foam flakes of the gallant Grey
Scarce dry on her heaving breast.

She told the dark tale and how she spurred
From the Knight of Pilate's Peak ;

You scarce would think the Bridegroom heard,
Save that the mighty lance-head stirred,
Save for the flush in his cheek ;

Save that his gauntlet clasped her hair —
And oh, the look that swept
Between them ! — all the radiant air
Grew holier — it was like a prayer —
And they who saw it wept.

E'en the lights on the altar brighter grew
In the gleam of that heavenly gaze ;
The cherub music fell soft as dew,
The breath of the censer seemed sweeter, too,
The torches mellowed their requiem hue,
And burnt with a bridal blaze.

And the Baron clasps his son with a cry
Of joy as his sorrows cease ;
While the Hermit, wrapt in his Rosary,
Feels that the world beneath the sky
Hath yet its planet of peace.

A PROVENÇAL SONNET.

(From Fifth Canto.)

When the moon rose o'er lordly Miolan

That night, she wondered at those ancient
walls :

Bright tapers flashing from a hundred halls

Lit all the mountain — liveried vassals ran

Trailing from bower to bower the wine-cup,
wreathed

With festal roses — viewless music breathed

A minstrel melody that fell as falls [laughed,

The dew, less heard than felt; and maidens

Aiming their curls at swarthy men who quaffed

Brimmed beakers to the newly wed: while some

Old henchmen, lolling on the court-yard green

Over their squandered Cyprus, vowed between

Their cups, “there was no pair in Christendom

To match their Savoyard and his Christine!”

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

(From Fifth Canto.)

And art thou, *art* thou dead? —
Thou with front that might defy
The gathered thunders of the sky,
Thou before whose fearless eye
All death and danger fled!

My Khalif, hast thou sped
Homeward where the palm-trees' feet
Bathe in hidden fountains sweet,
Where first we met as lovers meet,
My own, my desert-bred!

Thy back has been my home;
And, bending o'er thy flying neck,
Its white mane waving without speck,
I seemed to tread the galley's deck,
And cleave the ocean's foam.

Since first I felt thy heart
Proudly surging 'neath my knee,
As earthquakes heave beneath the sea,
Brothers in the field were we;
And must we, *can* we part?

To match thee there was none!
The wind was laggard to thy speed:
O God, there is no deeper need
Than warrior's parted from his steed
When years have made them one.

And shall I never more
Answer thy laugh amid the clash
Of battle, see thee meet the flash
Of spears with the proud, pauseless dash
Of billows on the shore?

And all our victor war,
And all the honors men call mine,
Were thine, thou voiceless warrior, thine;
My task was but to touch the rein —
There needed nothing more.

Worst danger had no sting
For thee, and coward peace no charm;
Amid red havoc's worst alarm
Thy swoop as firm as through the storm
The eagle's iron wing.

O more than man to me!
Thy neigh outsoared the trumpet's tone,
Thy back was better than a throne,
There was no human thing save one
I loved as well as thee!

O Knighthood's truest friend!
Brave heart by every danger tried,
Proud crest by conquest glorified,
Swift saviour of my menaced Bride,
Is this, is *this* the end? —

Thrice honored be thy grave!
Wherever knightly deed is sung,
Wherever minstrel harp is strung,
There, too, thy praise shall sound among
The beauteous and the brave.

And thou shalt slumber deep
Beneath our chapel's cypress sheen;
And there thy lord and his Christine
Full oft shall watch at morn and e'en
Around their Khalif's sleep.

There shalt thou wait for me
Until the funeral bell shall ring,
Until the funeral censer swing,
For I would ride to meet my King,
My stainless steed, with thee!

ALADDIN'S PALACE.¹

ALADDIN'S PALACE, in a single night,
From base to summit rose ere morning light,
A pillared mass of porphyry and gold,
Gem sown on gem, and silk o'er silk unrolled;
So from the dust our young Republic springs,
Before the dazzled eyes of Eastern Kings.
Not like old Rome, slow spreading into state,
The century that freed, beholds us great,
Sees our broad empire belt the western world,
From main to main our starry flag unfurled;
Sees in each port where Albion's sea kings trail
Their purple plumes, Columbia's snowy sail.
Three deep the loaded deck our long wharves
line,
Three deep on buoyant hoops fast flounces shine,

¹ This poem, which contains in all about three hundred and fifty lines, was read by its author at a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Mt. St. Mary's College. Rarely have the foibles and follies of our national life met with a more powerful presentation or a more scathing criticism.

While thrice three-story brown stone proudly tells
The tale of Mammon's modern miracles,
Marking full fifty places in a square
Where the born beggar dies the Millionaire.

But yet remember, glorious as we are,
Aladdin's Genie left one window bare;
And we, perchance, upon a close review,
May find our Palace lights unfinished too,—
Some slighted panel in the stately hall,
Some broidered hangings stinted on the wall,
Nay, e'en some jewels gone, that graced us when
All men were free here — even gentlemen.

* * * * *

Of all the slaves in social bondage nursed,
PATER-FAMILIAS stands supremely first:
Proud of his bondage, tickled with his chains,
The parent cringes while the stripling reigns.
Down with the Dotard! consecrate the Boy!
Since Age *must* suffer, let bright Youth enjoy.
Drink morning in! — old eyes were meant to
wake:

Shake hands with ruin! — old hearts never
break.

Welcome the worst — 'tis but to close the door
And pack the outlaw to some College-Cure.

Alas! the tutor apes the parent fool,

The idle birch hangs rotting in the school.

Touch the young tyrant — like Olympian Jove

The avenging sire defends his injured love;

Clutches a cowhide, contemplates a suit,

Talks wildly of a martyr and a brute.

The worst disgrace his free-born son can know

Is not to merit, but receive a blow.

* * * * *

Your boy secure, what next? Go home and rear
That up-town palace? — Why, you're never
there.

Down by the docks your home is o'er the desk

From morn till night, curled like an arabesque,

Spinning the rich cocoon for child and wife,

Though, like the worm, the tribute cost your life.

Crawl home at midnight, to the basement go,

Hug the lit fender, toast the slippered toe ;
One well-earned moment rest the throbbing head,
Though all the ceiling own the waltz's tread.
Or dare the ballroom, you'll not spoil the feast,
'Tis the old story — Beauty and the Beast.

* * * * *

Better be dead than ope those honest eyes
To half your marble mansion's mysteries.
Press your lone pillow, scheme to-morrow's pelf,
Your daughter, trust her, can protect herself :
Dread neither foreign Count nor native Fool,
Her heart was buried at a Boarding School.

* * * * *

From private morals pass to public taste ;
One jewel missing, can the next be paste ?
A race of readers, we can surely claim
A dozen writers with a world-wide name,—
One drama that can hold the stage a season,
Two actors that confound not rant with reason,—
A minstrel equal to an average air,
An artist that has brains as well as hair ?

Alas! the river where the millions drink
Flows from a Helicon of tainted ink,
Lower and lower the darkening stream descends,
Till, lost in filth, the sacred fountain ends.

* * * * *

Kings rule the East, the Merchant rules the West.
Save round his hearth, supreme his high behest.
For him the captive lightning rides the main,
For him rent mountains hide the creaming train,
For him the placer spreads its golden sands,
The steamer pants, the spicy sail expands;
For him the quarry splits the moaning hill,
For him Laborde imports her newest trill.
Submissive science smooths his lordly path,
States court his nod and Senates dread his wrath.
Erect, undaunted, eager, active, brisk,
A front for ruin, nerve for any risk;
Shy of the snare, impatient of the chance,
The world a chess-board 'neath his eagle glance,
Armed with a Ledger — presto pass — he carves
And spends ten fortunes where a genius starves.

No robber knight that ever drove a-field
Bore braver heart beneath his dinted shield.
Atilt with fortune, if he win the prize,
The turnpike trembles, marble cleaves the skies.

* * * * *

O land of Lads, and Liberty, and Dollars!
A Nation first in schools and last in scholars!
Where few are ignorant, yet none excel,
Whose peasants read, whose statesmen scarcely
spell;
Of what avail that science light the way,
When dwindling Senates totter to decay?"

* * * * *

Of what avail the boast of steam and cable,
If doomed to grovel 'neath the curse of Babel?
Low droops our Eagle's eye to find us still
Cowed 'neath his wing — by Albion's gray-goose
quill.
Why boast of Britain foiled on Bunker crest,
Her pen still rules the Rebel of the West.

INKERMANN.¹

In marble Sebastòpol

The bells to chapel call:

Our outposts hear the chanting

Of monks within the wall.

Why meet they there, with psalm and
prayer? —

'Tis some high festival.

By the old Achaian ruin

Why groan those heavy wheels?

Some forage-freighted convoy

Toward the leaguered city steals.

Sleep! — will the serfs twice routed

Dare the freeman's steel again?

Will the slaves we stormed from Alma

Beard the lion in his den?

¹ One of the principal battles of the Crimean War, fought Nov. 5, 1854.

'Tis a drizzling Sabbath daybreak,
Cheerless rings the reveillé,
Through the shroudlike mists around us
Not a stone's throw can we see:
Feebly up the clouded welkin
Toils the morning bleak and gray,
Dim as twilight in October,
Dawns that dark and dismal day.
The camp once more is sounding,
Slowly putting on its strength,
As a boa, starved from torpor,
Half uncoils its lazy length.
Some are drying their damp muskets,
Others gloss the rusted steel,
Some are crouching o'er the watch-fires
At the hurried matin meal:
Some are bending o'er their Bibles,
Others bid the beads of Rome,
Many, still unwaken'd, hearken
To the Sabbath bells of home.

The mountain and the valley
With the hoary haze are white,
Sea and river, friend and foeman,
Town and trench are hid from sight :
And the camp itself so softly
With the snowy mist is blent,
Scarce the waving of the canvas
Shows the outline of the tent.

Hark, the rifle's hawklike whistle !
But we stir not for the din,
Till with sullen step the pickets
From the hills are driven in,—
Till the river seemed to thunder
Through its rocky pass below,
And a voice ran through the army,
“Up to arms! — it is the foe!”
Up with the Red Cross banner,
Out with the victor steel,
“Up to battle,” the drums rattle,
“Form and front,” the bugles peal.—

From the tents and from the trenches,
From the ramparts, from the mine,
We are groping for the bayonet,
We are straggling into line;
Half attired and half accoutred,
Spur the officers headlong,
And the men from slumber starting,
Round their colors fiercely throng.
Then the lit artillery's earthquake
Shook the hills beyond the gorge —
Mute were then a thousand hammers
Smiting hard the sounding forge.
Full upon us comes the ruin,—
They have ranged the very spot,—
Purple glares the sod already,
As the storm falls fast and hot,
At our feet the earth foams spray-like
'Neath the tempest of their shot.
Crouched like caged and fretted lion,
For the unseen foe we glare,—
Not a bayonet, not a sabre
Through the rolling mists appear.

Yet full sure the slaves are on us,
For along the river's bed
Tolls the low and measured thunder
Of a mighty army's tread.
The hearts beneath our bosoms
Swell high as they would burst,
We know not what is coming,
But we nerve us for the worst :
Fast our shoulders grow together,
Firm beneath that iron hail,
The thin red line is forming,
That was never known to quail.
Up from the slopes beneath us
Nearer thrills the muffled hum,
They are stepping to the onset,
Without trumpet, without drum,
And we clutch our pieces tighter,—
Let them come !
The fog before us deepens :—
Like a dark spot in a storm,
Along the mist-wreathed ridges,
Their crowded columns form :

The helmets and the gray-coats
 Scarce pistol-shot ahead,—
They are on us — let us at them —
 Unavengèd we have bled!
Steady! The eager rifle
 Is warming at our cheeks;
Yon column's head is melting
 As the levelled minié speaks.
Forward, forward, form and forward!
 Fast as floods through river sluice,
The yeomanry of England
 On the Muscovite are loose.
What, bide they there to meet us,
 That phalanx of gray rock?
In vain! No human bulwark
 Can breast the coming shock.
At them — on them — o'er them — through
 them,
 The Red Line thunders still;
A cheer, a charge, a struggle,
 And we sweep them from the hill.

Not a man had we left living
Of the masses marshalled there,
But their siege-guns in the gorges
Stay our conquering career.
Then, as we breathe from slaughter,
And ere we close our ranks,
The foe, one column routed,
Hurls a fresh one on our flanks.
Unappalled and unexhausted,
We welcome the new war,
Though like locusts in midsummer
Swarm the legions of the Czar.
Fifty thousand men are on us,
Scarce a tithe of them are we,—
Well might they swear to drive us
Ere nightfall to the sea.
Yet, St. George for merry England!
A volley, and we close,
'Neath the martyr cross of bayonets,
Redder yet the Red Line grows.

These are not the men of Alma,
Who are now so well at work;
On the Danube, at Silistria,
They have schooled them 'gainst the
Turk;

O'er the mountains of Circassia
Their black eagles they have borne,
And the children of their High Priest
Lead the stern fanatics on.

Point to point and breast to bosom,
Hand to hand we madly clinch,
And the ground we win upon them
Is disputed inch by inch.

The warrior blood of Britain
Never rained so fast a tide,
Man and captain fall together,
Peer and peasant, side by side.

We have routed thrice our number,
Still their front looms thrice as vast,
While our line is thinned and jaded
And our men are falling fast.

Upon them with the bayonet! —
Our powder waxes scant —
What more with foe so near him
Does British soldier want?

Once more — once more, borne backward,
Their stubborn legions fly,
And we saw our brave commander,
With his staff, come riding by;
Calmly he dared the danger,
But a gloom was in his eye,
For the mounds of his dead soldiers
Lay around him thick and high.
God knows his thought! — It might be
Of other mounds, I ween,—
Of parapets, which, mounted,
Such havoc had not been.
But in brunt of battle ever
Was the Saxon bosom bare.
So we hailed him, as he passed us,
With a hearty English cheer;

And as the nobles round him
Were falling, did we pray,
That his hero life amid the strife,
Might be spared to us that day.
O dark the cloud that rested
On our chieftain's anxious brow :
He has staked him all on the Spartan wall —
It must not fail him now !

Then, as waveless in the tempest
Broods the white wing of a gull,
O'er the hurricane of battle
Swept a momentary lull.
Countless lay the dead and dying,
Few and faint the living stood,
Every blade of grass beneath us
Had its drop of hero blood.
To our knees the stiffening bodies
Of our fallen comrades rose.
But higher, deeper, thicker,
Lay the holocaust of foes.

And so fast the gore of Russia
From the British bayonet runs,
Trickling down our dented rifles,
That our hands slip on our guns.
Far along the scarlet ridges
Looming dim through mist and smoke,
In scattered groups, divided
By coppice and dwarfed oak,
Rests the remnant of our army,
Rests each motley regiment,
Coldstream, Fusileer, and Ranger,
Line, and Guard together blent,—
To the charge still sternly leaning,
Undismayed, undaunted still,
Grimly frowning o'er the valley,
Proven masters of the hill.
A wind gust from the mountain
Swept the driving rack away,
And we saw our battling brothers
For the first time that dark day.
But as up the white shroud drifted,

St. George, what sight beneath! —
'Twas as when the veil is lifted
From the stony face of death.
Right before us, right beneath us,
Right around us, everywhere,
The fresh hordes of the Despot
On flank and center bear :
Around us and about us
The armèd torrent rolls,
As around a foundering galley
Glance the fins of bristling shoals.
O never, England, never,
Though aye outnumbered sore,
Has thy world-encountering banner
Faced such fearful odds before!

On they come, like crested breakers
That would overwhelm us in their wrath,
Or the wingèd flame of prairies
Whirling stubble from its path.
But with cheer as stout as ever

To the charge again we reel,
Again we mow before us
Those harvests of stiff steel.
Too few, alas! the living
These hydra hosts to stem,
But our comrades lie around us,
We can sleep at last with them.
Rally, Britons, round your colors,
And if no succor near,
Then for God, our Queen, our country,
Let us proudly perish here!
Each hand and foot grows firmer
As they yell their demon cry,
Each soldier's glance grows brighter
As his last stern task draws nigh;
By the dead of Balaklava
We will show them how to die! . . .
Heard ye not that tramp behind us? . . .
If a foeman come that way,
We may make one charge to venge us,
And then look our last of day.

As the tiger from the jungle,
On the bounding column comes ;
We can hear the footfall ringing,
To the stern roll of their drums ;
We can hear their billowy surging,
As up the hill they pant,—
O God ! how sweetly sounded
The well-known "*En avant !*"
With their golden eagles soaring,
Bloodless lips and falcon glance,
Radiant with the light of battle,
Came the chivalry of France.
Ah ! full well, full well we knew them,
Our bearded, bold allies,
All Austerlitz seemed shining
Its sunlight from their eyes.
Round their bright array dividing,
We gave them passage large,
For we knew no line *then* living,
Could face that fiery charge.
One breathing space they halted —

One volley rent the sky,—
Then the *pas de charge* thrills heavenward
“*Vive l'Empereur!*” the cry.
Right for the heart of Russia
Cleave the swart Gallic braves,
The panthers of Alma,
The leopard-limbed Zouaves.
The cheer of rescued Britain
One moment thundered forth,
The next — we trample with them
The pale hordes of the North.
Ye that have seen the lightning
Through the crashing forest go,
Would stand aghast, to see how fast
We lay their legions low.
They shrink — they sway — they falter —
On, on! — no quarter then!
Nor human hand, nor Heaven's command
Could stay our maddened men.
A flood of sudden radiance
Bathes earth and sea and sky,

Above us bursts exulting
The sun of victory.
Holy moment of grim rapture,
The work of death is done,
The Muscovite is flying,
Lost Inkermann is won !

EGYPT.

(From Amin.¹)

Beyond the wall, the Nile and Desert wage
Their elemental war, from age to age
Enduring, symboling the ceaseless strife
'Twixt sin and innocence, 'twixt death and life,
Prophetic of the conflict first begun
And lost in Eden, but on Calvary won.

Land of the mighty, province of the base,
Dark, mouldering coffin of a wondrous race,
Whose books are pyramids, where in a glance
The present reads its insignificance —
What tho' the baffled and despairing sage
Explore in vain the secrets of thy page,
These everlasting piles that smile on fate
And dare both man and time to mutilate

¹ This poem contains nearly fourteen hundred lines in the first two Cantos. The third Canto can not be found. The poem was written in Mr. Miles' twenty-fifth year.

The record they are lifting to the sky,
Compose the noblest human history :
Authentic as the stars their self-proved truth
Attests the majesty of Egypt's youth,
Still chaunting in an universal tongue
The grandest epic that was ever sung.

'Twas *there* the fruit of knowledge first began
To mitigate the curse it stained on man ;
'Twas *there* primeval science proudly sent
Her glance aloft and read the firmament ;
There first the mason from the quarry brought
The stolid rock and shaped it into thought,
And breathing beauty in the living mass,
Bade it endure to rival or surpass
Nature herself.—'Twas *there* the o'erlearned
priest
Explored the skies — and deified a beast ;
Along that burning stream, that baking sod,
A Moses floated and a Joseph trod.
There flocked a thousand kings in scorn or awe
To break a sceptre or receive a law ;

'Twas *there* the Greek in wondering reverence
learned

The mental mastery of the power he spurned,
And stole the light that round her altars shone
To burn with softer lustre on his own.

O what are Persian spire and Grecian dome,
The shafts of Baalbec and the pomp of Rome,
The true Promethean marbles that remain
To spur our genius and to spur in vain;
And all that bard or tourist can rehearse
In forced antithesis or flowing verse! —
They seem as if their authors were at play,—
Things meant for time, frail flowers of yester-
day,

Beside the monuments here strewn around,
A new creation on the mother ground,
That notched with epochs through all time
extend

And link the world's beginning with its end.

THE SOLDIER'S BANQUET SONG.

(From Amin.)

Let wearied hind and fainting slave
Their solace find in sleep,
That blessed foretaste of the grave,
Where they may cease to weep,—
But the soldier sleeps beneath his shield,
Or staggering from the battle field,
Rests where the beaker flashes bright,
Where star-eyed beauty scatters light,
And mirth and music make the night
A sweeter solace yield.

Then cleanse the hand,
And sheathe the brand,
And dip the shafts of sorrow
In light divine
From the blood of the vine,
For our own may flow to-morrow!

The slumbering lovelorn swain may deem

His darling hears his sighs,

And win the rapture from a dream

That morning still denies —

But the warrior wakes to ward or feel

The actual point of tested steel : —

No filmy fancy sketch for him,—

But the wine that beads the goblet's brim,

And the lustrous eyes that sink or swim

In light, must all be real !

Then heap the board

And let the sword

A wreath from Venus borrow,

For the fearless eye,

Now flashing high,

May be dim enough to-morrow !

We'll feast until the Midas sun

Has turned the earth to gold,

For many, ere his race be run,

Must stiffen pale and cold.

L. of C.

Then shake the flaming cup on high
And gild the moments as they fly !
And while the foaming nectar streams,
And beauty o'er the goblet gleams,
What care we whether morning beams
Bring death or victory.

Then sheathe the brand
And, hand in hand,
Away with fear and sorrow !
For many an arm,
Now lithe and warm,
May be cold enough to-morrow.

ART POEMS.

NOTE.

Raphael Sanzio di Urbino, "the prince of painters," was born March 28, 1483, and died Good Friday, April 7, 1520, aged thirty-seven years. Giulio Romano was his favorite pupil, while Pietro Perugino was his first art master and Michael Angelo his contemporary and rival in fame.

The last work of Raphael's brief but busy life is the "Transfiguration," which he did not live to finish. Cardinal Giuliano de Medici, wishing to give the town of Narbonne a token of his piety and munificence, ordered (1517) two altar-pieces for the Cathedral. One, the "Transfiguration," he entrusted to Raphael; the other, "the Resurrection of Lazarus," to Sebastiano del Piombo—"that pack-horse colorist," the assistant of Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo composed the design of "their Lazarus," while Sebastiano finished it. Both pictures were publicly exhibited together, and the palm of victory adjudged to Raphael in composition, in design, in expression, and in grace.

At the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration are the Disciples, endeavoring in vain to expel an evil spirit from a possessed youth. The various emotions of doubt, anxiety, and pity portrayed in the different figures present a pathetic and powerful conception. Still, the "miracle on the Mount" is the one most apt to fix our attention.

This great painting is now in the Vatican Gallery.

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

Keep to the lines — strain not a hair beyond:
Nature must hold her laws e'en against Hell.
There! You o'ershoot the mark an inch — you
paint
A lie a minute. Giulio,¹ keep the lines —
The lines — *my* lines! They tell the very worst
The devil can do with flesh — let Angelo²
Do more. I want no second Spasimo,³
No miracles of muscle: on the Mount⁴
Is miracle enough — the radiant change
Of man¹ to Deity: no need to make
The boy a fiend outright — for see you not
Though God's own likeness lives there in his Son,
Our is not lost? So keep the lines, nor hope
To mend their meaning. Wrong again! Hence-
forth

¹ Giulio Romano.² Michael Angelo Buonarotti.³ "Lo Spasimo," the Madonna of Sorrows, painted for the Monks of Santa Maria dello Spasimo, Palermo, Sicily.⁴ The upper part of the Transfiguration.

Reserve your brush to gild the booth, or deck
Street corners. Friends, forsooth — *you* Raphael's friend —

And yet you will not keep my lines — the last
This hand shall ever trace? — By Bacchus, Sir,
It had made the hot blood of old Pietro¹ boil
Had I e'er crazed his purpose so. Have done
With this: your lampblack darkens all the air.
Must you o'erride me with that wild, coarse soul
Of yours? My hand is still upon the rein:
There's time enough to run your fiery race
When I am gone. Why, what a burst of tears!
I am not dying? Wherefore do you stare
With such a frightened love into my face,
Your hand all palsied? Ah, I see it now —
You feel too much for me, to feel for art.
Forgive my first unkindness: by and by,
When I am out of sight, and manly grief
Has done with tear and tremor — then, some day,
When your good hand is steady and you feel

¹ Pietro Vannucci Perugino, Raphael's teacher.



TRANSFIGURATION — *Raphael.*

The stirring of the true God — to your brush,
And keep my lines!

This is my birthday,¹ Giulio ;
The last one here — the first, perhaps, in Heaven,
With our dear Angels.² 'Twas a grain too much,
That brief about restoring ancient Rome :³
His Holiness ⁴ and I, we both forgot
Raphael was human. Princely favor, sometimes,
Fall overheavy, like the Sabine bracelet.⁵
For those damp vaults ⁶— their chill struck to my
heart
Like the sharp finger of a skeleton,
While all the caverned ruin whispered out,
“ Behold the end ! ” Too soon, I thought,— but
God
Thinks best. I do not wish to die — should like
To last a little longer, just to see

¹ Good Friday.

² Raphael is known especially as the “ painter of Madonnas and Angels.”

³ It was proposed to attempt an ideal reconstruction of the great capital of the Cæsars.

⁴ Leo X.

⁵ Under which Tarpeia was crushed.

⁶ Some assert that Raphael was carried off by a violent, feverish cold which he caught while engaged in his excavations and surveyings in the old city.

That picture finished, and to have our work
Judged in the peopled halls, swung side by side,
Michael's and mine! But do not turn your
head —

Sit closer. Giulio, men have said I slumbered
Over those later frescoes ¹ and the walls
Of Agostino ²—they are right, I did.
But slumbering there in whitest arms, I learned,
'Mid all those Nymphs and Graces, this one
truth —

The inspiration of the nude is over:

The Christian Muse is draped.— Tell Michael so,
When next you find him busy with his Torso.³
How then that bare Demoniac,⁴ do you ask?
Was't not an artist's thought — the double
change

Of man to God above, to fiend below?
And then the instant the redeeming foot

¹ The representations from the fable of Cupid and Psyche in the Loggia of Agostino Chigi's villa in Trastevere (the Villa Farnesina).

² Agostino Chigi.

³ The Torso Belvidere, in the Vatican Museum. Michael Angelo made this statue his special study.

⁴ The boy in the Transfiguration.

Forsakes the earth, to loose the naked devil
Flaunting the scared Apostles? Who shall say
Art called not for my boy? Yet thrice as loud
As art, called Raphael! For myself alone
I drew him, every quivering muscle mapped
By the infernal strain, that I might hush
Those sneers of Angelo's,—for I had plucked
His surgeon secrets ¹ from the grave, and meant
To mate him where he's matchless. I have
waited

The coming of that moment when we feel
The hand is surest, the brain clearest — when
Our dreams at once are deeds — when upward
goes

The curtain from the clouded soul, and art
Flames all her unveiled Paradise upon us.
Patiently, trustingly that well-known hour
I've waited — and, at last, it comes — too late!
For now, you see, 'tis hard to reach my hand

¹ Raphael excelled in painting the soft and tender; he lacked in portraying the masculine. Whereas Michael Angelo, who had spent twelve years in the study of anatomy, was matchless in his delineation of muscular strength and vigor.

To your sleek curls, and my poor head seems
chained

To this hot pillow. Had I now a tithe
Of half the strength wasted on Chigi's walls,¹
I'd make the demon in that youth discourse
Anatomy enough to cram the schools
Till doomsday. Heaven, how plainly there
Your work stands off from mine!² Quick with
your arm —

I feel the ancient power — give me the colors —
I and my picture, let us once more meet!
God, let me finish it! Can you not stir
My bed with those stout shoulders? Then lift
me —

Child's play you'll find it — my weak, woman's
frame

Never weighed much — a breath can float it now.
Do as I bid you, boy, I am not mad:

¹ Raphael's connection with this wealthy patron of art began soon after the painter's arrival in Rome. The works ordered of him by Chigi are so numerous and important that they merit special study.

² Giulio Romano's work is easily distinguished from that of Raphael by darker coloring and less freedom of execution.

'Tis not delirium, but returning life.

O for the blood that barber's lancet stole! ¹—

So — nearer — nearer —

— I was dreaming, Giulio,

That I had finished it, and that it hung

Beside their Lazarus; ² I and Angelo

Together stood — a little farther off,

That pack-horse colorist of his from Venice. ³

There stood we in the light of yonder face,

I and my rival, till, asudden, shone

A look of love in the small hazel eyes,

And down the double-pointed beard a tear

Ran sparkling; and he bowed his head to me —

The grand, gray, haughty head — and cried
aloud,

Thrice cried aloud, "HAIL MASTER!" — Why,
'tis strange —

How came I here — these colors on my fingers —

This brush? Stop — let me think — I am not
quite

¹ During his illness, Raphael submitted to bleeding.

² The Resurrection of Lazarus.

³ Sebastiano del Piombo.

Awake. Ah, I remember. Swooned, you say?
How long have I been lying thus? An hour
Dead on your breast? Wheel back the bed —
put by

These playthings! I can do no more for man!
And God, who did so much for me — 'tis time
Something were done for Him. A coach? Per-
haps

The black mules of the Cardinal?¹ No? Well,
Good Friday is the prayer day of the year —
That keeps him. Who? — What! Leo's self²
has sent

To ask of Raphael? Kindly done; and yet
The iron Pontiff,³ whom I painted thrice,
Had *come*. No matter, these are gracious
words,—

"Rome were not Rome without me." My best
thanks

Back to his Holiness; and dare I add
A message, 'twere that Rome can never be

¹ Probably the Cardinal from Santa Maria Rotonda.

² Leo X.

³ Julius II,

Without me. I shall live as long as Rome!
 Bramante's temple ¹ there, bequeathed to me
 To hide her cross-crowned bosom in the clouds —
 San Pietro — travertine and marble massed
 To more than mountain majesty — shall scarce
 Outlast that bit of canvas. Let the light in.
 There's the Ritonda ² waiting patiently
 My coming. Angelo has built his chape
 In Santa Croce, ³ that his eyes may ope
 On Ser Filippo's Duomo. ⁴ I would see —
 What think you? — neither dome ⁵ nor Giotto's
 shaft, ⁶
 Nor yon stern Pantheon's solemn, sullen grace,
 But Her, ⁷ whose colors I have worn since first
 I dreamed of beauty in the chestnut shades
 Of Umbria — HER, for whom my best of life

¹ St. Peter's, of which Bramante was the first architect. In accordance with the dying desire of Bramante, Leo X appointed Raphael architect of St. Peter's.

² The Pantheon, or St. Mary of the Martyrs, Rome, in which Raphael is buried.

³ Church of Santa Croce, Florence, where, in the chapel of the Buonarrotti family, rests the body of Michael Angelo.

⁴ The Duomo or Cathedral of Florence, designed and built by Filippo Brunelleschi.

⁵ The glory of the Florentine cathedral is its wonderful dome.

⁶ The detached bell-tower or campanile of the Duomo.

⁷ The Madonna.

Has been one labor — HER, the Nazareth Maid,
 Who gave to Heaven a Queen, to man a God,
 To God a Mother. I have hope of it! —
 And I would see her — not as when she props
 The babe slow tottering to the Cross amid
 The flowering field,¹— nor yet when, Sybil-eyed,
 Backward she sweeps her Son from Tobit's
 Fish,²—

Nor e'en as when above the footstool angels,
 She stands with trembling mouth, dilated eyes,
 Abashed before the uncurtained Father's
 throne,³—

But see her wearing the rapt smile of love
 Half human, half divine, as fast she strains
 Her infant in the Chair.⁴—

— There is a step

Upon the staircase. Has she ⁵ come again? —

¹ The Virgin of the Meadow, now in the Belvidere Gallery at Vienna.

² The Madonna del Pesce, or Madonna of the Fish, now in Madrid Gallery.

³ Sistine Madonna, in Dresden Gallery.

⁴ Madonna della Sedia. Over the altar near which Raphael is buried was placed a statue of the Virgin designed and executed in accordance with this request by one of his favorite pupils, the sculptor, Lorenzetto. This statue still exists under the name of the Madonna del Sasso.

⁵ The Fornarina.

She *must* not enter. Take her these big pearls
Meant for the poor dead bride ¹ I strove to love.
Tell her to wear them, when the full moon fires
The Flavian arches, and she wanders forth
To the green spot — she will remember it —
A little farther on. No more of this.
Say but the word, too long delayed,— Farewell.
We said it oft before, meaning it, too,—
But life and love were with us — so we met.
This time — we part in earnest. Not a word? —
She bent her head and vanished, leaving me
These flowers? No tears — *not one?* So like
her! Set

The buds in water — leave me one — this one —
We'll fade together. Giulio, in my will
Her name stands next to yours: I would not
have

Those dark eyes look on want, that looked on me
So long, so truly. Do not shake your head;
She'll find her way to Heaven, if I am there

¹ His betrothed, Maria di Bibbiena, whose death occurred before their union.

Before her. Jealous? — Brother, I will die
Upon your bosom — *you* shall close these eyes,
Eyes that have lived above this city's towers,
Up where the eagle's wing hath never swept :
Eyes that have scanned the far side of the sun,
And upward still, high over Hesperus,
Have climbed the mount where trembling angels
 bow,
And stolen the shining forms of beauty nighed
Fast by the Eternal throne. I pray you hold
Those roses something nearer.

Shall we send
Francesco for the Cardinal? You see
The shadow of the pines slopes eastward now —
Santa Maria's ¹ empty: — he may come
Too late — there's a strange hush about my heart
Already. Still, a word before the last,
Long silence comes. I do not think to leave
An enemy behind me. Angelo
Has sometimes wronged me, but I can not hate —

¹ Doubtless Santa Maria Rotonda.

I have that weakness — so I pitied him.
Giulio, the artist is not he who dreams,
But he who does ; — and when I saw this man,¹
Hewing his way into the marble's heart
For the sweet secret that he dreamed was there,
Till the fast-fettered beauty perished, killed
By the false chisel and imperious hand,
That held no Heaven-commissioned key to ope
The prison gate — I pitied him, I say ;
And once I wept, as by me once he stalked
Beneath the stars, in either eye a tear,
Groaning beneath his load of voiceless beauty.
I knew his mighty sorrow — I had felt it,—
And who that soars has not? No wing that fans
The sun, but sometimes burns! O grandest
Greek,²
Not thine alone to ravish fire from Heaven,
Nor thine alone the rock: in every age,
The vulture's beak is in the artist's soul!

¹ Michael Angelo.

² Prometheus.

In this, we are brothers. Give him my last greet-
ing

When next you meet.—

The Cardinal, at last?

Before he enters, Giulio, lay this flower
Among the others.— You may leave us now.

SAN SISTO.

Three hundred years the world has looked at it
Unwearied,— it at Heaven ; and here it hangs
In Dresden, making it a Holy City.
It is an old acquaintance : you have met
Copies by thousands,—Morphens¹ here and
there,—

But all the sunlight withered. Prints, at best,
Are but the master's shadow — as you see.
I call that face the holiest revelation
God ever made to genius. How or why,
When, or for whom 'twas painted, wherefore
ask?

Enough to know 'tis Raphael, and to feel
His Fornarina was not with him, when
Spurning the slow cartoon he flashed that face,

¹ Raffaello Sanzio Morghen, the celebrated engraver, was born at Naples June 19, 1758, and died at Florence April 8, 1833. He made engravings of several of Raphael's works.

That Virgin Mother's half-transfigured face,
On canvas. Yes, they say, 'twas meant to head
Some virginal procession:— to that banner
Heaven's inmost gates might open, one would
think.

But let the picture tell its story — take
Your stand in this far corner. Falls the light
As you would have it? That Saint Barbara,¹—
Observe her inclination and the finger
Of Sixtus:²— both are pointing — *where?* Now
look

Below,— those grand boy-angels; — watch their
eyes

Fastened — *on whom?* — What, not yet catch my
meaning? . . .

Step closer,— half a step — no nearer. Mark
The Babe's fixed glance of calm equality.
Observe that wondering, rapt, dilated gaze,

¹ Virgin and martyr. According to Baronius, St. Barbara was a pupil of Origen and suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia during the sixth general persecution, about 235.

² A priest of the Roman clergy, chosen Pope in 432. Died March 28, 440. The Benedictine Church at Piacenza was dedicated to St. Sixtus.

The Mother's superhuman joy and fear,
That hushed — that startled adoration! Watch
Those circled cherubs swarming into light,
Wreathing their splendid arch, their golden ring,
Around the unveiled vision. Look above
At the *drawn curtain!* — Ah, *we* do not see
God's self, but *they* do: — they are face to face
With the unveiled Omnipotent! —

NOTE.

The San Sisto was the last Madonna painted by Raphael, as the Transfiguration was his last composition. It was painted at the request of the Benedictine monks of the Church of San Sisto in Piacenza, who had asked for a picture which should contain the Virgin and Child, St. Sixtus and St. Barbara, to be used as a processional standard. It was executed on canvas and entirely finished by Raphael himself. No previous drawing or study was made, no model posed. "Spurning the slow cartoon," as if by a single inspiration, the red chalk struck the outline of the woman of the Apocalypse. In this work the genius of Raphael is most directly exhibited. Into it he concentrated every excellence which he had previously attained. The San Sisto is full of spirituality and marvelous in its sublimity, and yet a more simple arrangement could scarcely be conceived.

Augustus III, Elector of Saxony, purchased this painting (1753) for the Dresden Gallery.



SISTINE MADONNA — *Raphael.*

THE IVORY CRUCIFIX.

Within an attic old at Genoa,
Full many a year, I ween,
Had lain a block of ivory,
The largest ever seen.

Though wooing centuries had wiled
Its purity away,
Gaunt Time had made a slender meal,
So well it braved decay.

If we may trust Tradition's tongue,
Some mastodon before
The wave kissed Ararat's tall peak,
The splendid trophy wore.

Certes, no elephant e'er held
Aloft so rich a prize,
Not India's proudest jungle boasts
A tusk of half the size.

A monk obtained and to his cell
The relic rare conveyed,
And bending o'er the uncouth block
This Monk, communing, said:—

“ Be mine the happy task by day
And through the midnight's gloom,
To toil and still toil on until
This shapeless mass assume

“ The form of *Him* who on the Cross
For us poured forth his blood:
Thus man shall ever venerate
This relic of the flood.

“ Though now a witness to the wrath
Of the dread God above,
Changed by my chisel, it shall be
The emblem of His love.”

* * * *

That night when on his pallet stretched,
As slumber o'er him stole,
A glorious vision brightly broke
Upon his ravished soul.

He sees his dear Redeemer stand
On Calvary's sacred height,
The Crucifixion is renewed
Before his awe-struck sight.

He sees his Saviour's pallid cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
He hears His dying accents bless
A persecuting world:

Sees the last look of love supreme
Conquering each aching sense,
Superior to agony
Its deep benevolence.

* * * *

The matin bell has pealed — the Monk
Starts from his brief repose;
But still before his waking eye
The vivid dream arose.

His morning orisons are said,
His hand the chisel wields,
Slowly before the eager steel
The stubborn ivory yields.

The ancient block is crusted o'er
With a coating hard and gray,
But soon the busy chisel doffs
This mantle of decay.

And now, from every blemish freed,
 Upon his kindling eye,
In all its pristine beauty, dawns
 The milk-white ivory.

* * * *

The sun arose, the sun went down,
 Arose and set again,
But still the Monk his chisel plies —
 Oh, must he toil in vain?

Not his the highly cultured touch
 That bade the marble glow,
And with a hundred statues linked
 The name of Angelo.

Perchance some tiny image he
 Had fashioned oft before,
But art had ne'er to him unveiled
 Her closely hoarded lore.

A faithful hand, an eye possessed
Of genius' inborn beam,
Or inspiration's loftier light,
Must body forth his dream.

* * * *

The moon has filled her fickle orb,
The moon is on the wane,
A crescent now she sails the sky,
And now is full again.

But bending o'er that ivory block
The Monk is kneeling there,
Full half his time to toil is given,
And half is spent in prayer.

Four years elapsed before the Monk
Threw his worn chisel by;
Complete at last before him lies
The living ivory.

His dream at last is bodied forth,
And to the world is given
A sight that well may wean the soul
From earth awhile to heaven.

The dying look of love supreme
Conquering each aching sense,
Unquenched by burning pain, reveals
Its vast benevolence.

Behold that violated cheek
With pitying tears impearled,
The parting lips that seem to bless
A cold and faithless world.

* * * *

Has not the light of Word inspired
A true reflection here,
Does not the sacrifice of love
In ivory reappear?

Is not the Evangel's sacred page
Translated here as well
As any human alphabet
Its glorious truths can tell?

The mystery recorded there
Is here but told anew.
Let those who would my gaze forbid
Conceal the Gospel, too.

MINOR POEMS.

NOTE.

There seems to be a dearth of short pieces in the writings of Mr. Miles. When we consider the volume and character of his more sustained efforts, we should reasonably expect a much larger number of minor poems from his pen. The few selections presented here are like flashlights, revealing the mind and manner of the author. The one entitled "Said the Rose" possesses poetry enough to immortalize any name.

THE DEVIL'S VISIT TO—

The Devil told the damned one day,
To take some recreation,
For he had a visit of state to pay
To a certain corporation.

So he tucked up his tail and combed his hair,
And went to a certain town,
And says he —“ Mister Mayor, it's pretty clear
That my friend, the Plague, is coming here.”—
“ Pretty clear,” says the Mayor, “ sit down.”

The Devil sat down : —“ My good sir,” says he,
“ Your streets are as dirty as dirty can be.”—
Here the Mayor gave a wink and said
“ Well? ”

And the Devil resumed, “ Don't disturb the re-
pose

Of the mud whose aroma is sweet as the rose,
And — I'll soften your pillow in Hell! "

The bargain was struck and the Devil made
Tracks back to his old domain;
While the Mayor, grinning, said, " Tho' I'm
half afraid
To stir a scraper or lift a spade,—
I think I may pray for a rain."

AN AMBROTYPE.

Great Jove, let old Prometheus have relief,
And put a bolder robber in his place,—
The sun — long-fingered thief! —
Stole Heaven from earth in taking that sweet
face.

AN ALBUM PIECE.

Long — long ago I ceased to sing
And hung up lute and lyre,
For want had clipped the poet's wing
And tears put out his fire.

In vain you threaten — “write, sir, write,
Refuse me if you dare!
You find my eyes so very bright,
Catch inspiration there.”

No, miss:—my muse and you, my dear,
May both go — where you ought;
I *catch it* when I look at her,
And when at you — *I'm caught*.

THE REVERSE.

Be still, my heart, beneath the rod,
And murmur not;
He too was Man — the Son of God —
And shared thy lot.

Shared all that we can suffer here,
The wrong, the loss,
The bloody sweat, the scourge, the sneer,
The Crown, the Cross,

The final terror of the Tomb,—
His guiltless head
Self-consecrated to the doom
We merited.

Then languish not for Edens lost
Or vanished bliss;
The heart that suffers most, the most
Resembles His.

SAID THE ROSE.

I am weary of the Garden,
Said the Rose;
For the winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
'Neath the snows.

But I hear my Mistress coming,
Said the Rose;
She will take me to her chamber,
Where the honeysuckles clamber,
And I'll bloom there all December
Spite the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily finger
 Than the bee!
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted
As all blushing I was twisted
 Off my tree.

And she fixed me in her bosom
 Like a star;
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasemine, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites for ever fawning
 That they are.

And when evening came she set me
 In a vase
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves till each proud petal
 Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers
Like a light ;
And, I said, instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my Mistress sleeping
Every night.

But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shone,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair I saw how jaded,
Old and colorless and faded,
I had grown.

Not a drop of dew was on me,
Never one ;
From my leaves no odors started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay pale and broken-hearted
In the sun.

Still, I said, her smile is better
 Than the rain;
Though my fragrance may forsake me,
To her bosom she will take me,
And with crimson kisses make me
 Young again.

So she took me . . . gazed a second . . .
 Half a sigh . . .
Then, alas, can hearts so harden?
Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden
 There to die.

How the jealous garden gloried
 In my fall!
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the sneering jasmines bid me
Light the long, gray grass that hid me
 Like a pall.

There I lay beneath her window
In a swoon,
Till the earthworm o'er me trailing
Woke me just at twilight's failing,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing
To the moon.

But I hear the storm-winds stirring
In their lair ;
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air.

So I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts, or near it,
The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake.

THE ALBATROSS.

“Think of me often”—With a smile
You said it, fair Lady, for you knew
That everywhere and everywhile
I think of you.

Have you forgotten, though years ago,
A summer evening’s walk of ours,
When earth was vocal and aglow,
With birds and flowers?

The sun was printing his parting kiss
On the cross of the Chapel spire,
The brook bounded by with a laugh of bliss
And eyes of fire.

The lark slid lazily to his nest,
His matin music still,
The mourner minstrel wooed in the West —
The whip-poor-will.

A star stole timidly to its place,
And stood fast in the deepening blue,
And you bent your head, while over your face
An arch smile flew :

For my love was born with that tell-tale star
In the holy hush of even,
Timidly stealing to earth from afar —
The far, high Heaven.

Ah, you knew it well, for the proud lip curled
At a love, mute, hopeless, true ;
You knew that I wearily walked the world,
Thinking of you :

Thinking of you these long, lost years
Of penury, peril, pain :
Thinking of you through sunshine and tears —
Thinking in vain !

White, lonely, changeless, beautiful,
Amid life's tempest-toss,
Your image tranquilly sleeps on my soul —
Its Albatross.

BEATRICE.



Sleep on,

My lost one,— each will walk the world alone,
Since Heaven so wills it: with thy daily cares
Thou wilt deal calmly, and thy guardian

prayers

Shall follow me, that I may sometimes find
Grandeur in nature, fragrance in the wind,
Beauty in woman, gentleness in man;
For O, it seems as if the stream that ran
Beside my soul were dry, and all things have
A withered look: the sunbeam in the wave
No longer dances,— the cold clouds refuse
Their sunset glow,— the unsought roses lose
Their perfumed blushes,— dimly wandereth
The moon amid the tree-tops, pale as death,
Weary and chill,— and I can scarce rejoice
In music's benediction, and the voice

Of friendship sounds like solemn mockery.
Why, e'en the tingling cheek and soaring eye
Of genius, visioned with some splendid dream,
Seem scenic tricks :—unwooed, unwelcome gleam
The plumèd thoughts,—nor have I heart to win
The broidered butterflies we catch and pin
To poet desks, in boyhood. Yet fear not
The future: I shall bravely front my lot,
With the one rapture manhood ne'er forgoes,
The stately joy of mastering its woes.
No eye shall see me falter,—I shall ask
No respite on the wheel,—whate'er the task
The circling days appoint, I humbly trust
For strength to do it:—there shall be no rust
On sword or shield,—howe'er the heart may
ache
Beneath the goad; yet, sweet, for thy dear
sake
I'll wear the yoke, until the furrow opes
A little deeper,—then we'll end it, hopes
And fears.

Yet sometimes, when the old desire
Of rhyming comes, and the familiar choir
Of cherub voices, with returning song,
Makes my sad chamber musical ; when throng
The cloistered faces, with uplifted veil,
Each with remembered smile,— serene and pale,
As those stone priestesses that walk in Rome
And Florence, shall thy living image come
And stand before me, motioning the rest
Away. And I believe — O ! stir not, lest
Waking bring utter anguish — that when years,
The morning years of life, have passed, and
tears

And time and sorrow shall have so o'erthrown
The temple of thy beauty, that unknown
We two may walk the ways where now, alas !
The finger follows, and false whispers pass
'Twixt smiling friends,— when perished youth's
last charm,
E'en they who blamed us most, exclaim, What
harm

In their *now* meeting? — let me, love, believe
This parting not for ever — that some eve
Like this, I may approach thee, kneeling,
smooth
Thy loose brown hair, warm thy cold fingers,
soothe
Thy aching bosom, lay my hand upon
Thy brow, and touch these dear lips — thus —
Sleep on!

PARTINGS.

I will not say that I have knelt,
That I have looked and loved in vain,
Nor will I say that I have felt
A love I may not feel again :
There beats no fever in my breast,
There burns no madness on my brow,
But only a dull, strange unrest
About my heart — unknown till now.

I will not say that I have nursed,
Beneath thine eye, the morning fire
That once from youth's warm bosom burst
To rage an instant — then expire :
But as they told us we must part,
And that our placid dream was o'er,
I felt a shadow cross my heart,—
A void I never felt before.

THERE WAS A TIME.

There was a time she rose to greet me,
But what, alas! cared I?
For well I knew she flew to meet me,
Yet met me with a sigh.
I left her in her deep dejection,
And laughed with merry men;
What cared I for her true affection?
I did not love her then.

But now I wander weak and weary,
And what, alas! cares she?
I lost her love, and life grew dreary,
She scarce remembers me.
In vain, in vain I now implore her,
She spurns my tearful vow;
Too late, too late, I now adore her,
She does not love me now.

MANUSCRIPT FACSIMILE.

(From Amin.)

At dead of night I woke to hear,
 The yell of hate and the scream of fear,
 The madd'ning curse and ~~the madd'ning~~ ^{the madd'ning} cry,
 And the tramp of rushing cavalry;
 The charge of the strong the fall of the weak,
 Manhood's groan and woman's shriek, —
 For Calad himself was rushing down
 Like an ~~avalanche~~ ^{mountain front} upon the town.

There still remained a gallant steed
 To serve me in my utmost need:

I caught ~~the~~ sleeping to my breast,
 Though fright and fear I madly pressed
 And ~~the~~ ^{at} headlong sped
 Along the sands — I know not where, —
 Till I found a home in Narew. —

XII

The old man paused — his fingers ran
 Along his brow, as if he sought
 To join the scattered threads of thought —

Then, starting, thus again began: —

To the years ago one stormy day,
 An alone sought my way to pray
~~For food and shelter, — at her side~~
 Seeking for shelter, — at her side
 Weeping, his father, terrified,
 Fair as the ~~spring~~ ^{earliest} flowers of spring,
 An infant girl was tottering.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ——.

Mute are the mountains now! No more that cry
Of the full chase by all the breezes borne
Down the defiles, while echo's swift reply
Speeds the loud chorus! Nevermore the horn
Of our lost chief will shake
Those tempest-riven crags, or pierce the startled
brake!

Scarcely twelve hours have passed since, at my
gate,
Beneath the over-arching oaks we met;
Throned in his saddle, statue-like he sate,
A horseman every inch: I see him yet,
His morning mission done,
His deep-mouthed pack behind him trailing, one
by one.

Dying? along the trembling mountain flies
The fearful whisper fast from cot to cot;
Strong fathers stand aghast and mothers' eyes
Melt as their white lips stammer, "Not, oh!
not
Him of all others? Nay,
Not him who from our hearth so oft drove death
away?"

Well may those pale groups gather at each door,
Well may those tears that dread the worst be
shed.

The hand that healed their ills will move no more,
The life that served to lengthen theirs has fled;
And while they pray and weep,
Unto his rest he passeth like a child asleep.

I've known him oft, by anguish chained abed,
Forsake his midnight pillow with a moan,
And meekly ride wherever pity led,
To heal a sorrow slighter than his own;

Or rich or poor the same —
It mattered not : let any sorrow call, he came.

A sad and sudden death ! This very morn
He rode amongst us : sick men woke to hear
The steps of his black pacer ; the new-born
Smiled on him from their cradles. Many a
tear
On faces wan and dim
He dried to-day : to-night those cheeks are wet
for him.

TRAGEDIES.

NOTES.

MOHAMMED. A blank verse tragedy in five acts, written in 1849, won from nearly a hundred competitors the prize offered by Mr. Edwin Forrest. The reading and research necessary as a preparation for producing Mohammed have given a tinge of orientalism to much of Mr. Miles' later writings.

DE SOTO. Was written for James E. Murdock, and acted by him 1852, and E. L. Davenport 1852-1855. The play was revised by the author in 1856, but not given to the public in printed form.

CROMWELL. This tragedy has to do with English history from the defeat of Essex to the death of Charles I. The manuscripts of this play, although much crossed and corrected by the author, can be deciphered perfectly. It is hoped that the public will not have to wait long to see the plays of Miles published in complete form.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The design of this play is to explain the life of Mohammed, from the age of forty till his death, a period of twenty years. Many a single fact, in his extraordinary career, furnishes ample material for a play. . . . The love and apostasy of Ali and Fatima, breaking Abu Taleb's heart, — Ayesha betrothed to Omar, but wrested from him by her father, and consigned to the Prophet's arms,—Omar's hypocrisy for the sake of revenge ; — plots like this, sparkling with brilliant scenes, occurred to tempt me from my original design.

* * * * *

After all that has been said, the true character of the great founder of Islam is but imperfectly understood. Had he not sincerely believed in the *Unity of God*, had he not detested idolatry,

had he not most fervently wished to redeem Arabia from her slavish superstition, *had he not been in earnest in all this*, he could not have accomplished such great and permanent results. Yet at the very outset of his career, when his motives were purest, his fidelity to Cadjah unimpeached, we know that he was guilty of willful deceit and imposture. For, admitting that the appearance of Gabriel and the Mesra were delusions of zealot fancy or of the devil, yet surely he could not dupe himself so far as to believe that the angel *handed* him the Koran, which he either wrote himself, or received from a hired scribe. Here is the difficulty: not only have we to reconcile truth and falsehood, sincerity and deceit,—for, in most historically great men, there is more or less of this,—but we are dealing with one, who, believing himself a Prophet, asserts it by imposture,—the messenger of Allah preparing mankind by a deliberate lie for the reception of Eternal Truth.

From this point of view, the play was written. The brevity required in representation on the stage (at which I aimed) compelled me to omit much that might support my interpretation of this "sincere impostor." Truth rarely floats on the surface of history; it is only by looking long into the stream, that we see the jewel lurking in the bed.

* * * * *

The lesson conveyed by the life and death of the Arabian impostor, is the inability of the greatest man, starting with the purest motives, to counterfeit a mission from God, without becoming the slave of hell.

THE FOUNDING OF ISLAM.

(*From Mohammed.*)

Act I.

SCENE I. *Night of Al Kadir.—Cave of Hara, three miles from Mecca.—Mohammed is seen prostrate upon the slope of a rock, resembling a rude pedestal, his face concealed by his turban. Enter Cadijah.*

CADIJAH (*looking timidly around*). He bade
me meet him here, before the moon
Had silvered half the night; — but, as he spoke,
His flashing eyes were full of mystery;
His words were few, and stern, and tremulous.
And, knotted on his brow, the laboring vein
So fiercely swelled, that in his nervous grasp
I quivered like a leaf,—and still my heart
Seems not to beat, but, with my creeping flesh,
To shudder. Yes — I tremble still. (*She sees him.*)

Asleep? (*She approaches, and bends over him.*)
Asleep! — O, sweet surprise — I breathe again!
(*She embraces him.*)

Son of Abdallah and Amina, hear!

Mohammed, wake! (*She tries to arouse him.*)

'Tis strange! — his slumbers ever

Fled at the gentlest whisper of my voice,

Or at the faintest murmur of his babes.

(*She tries again to wake him.*)

Awake! Awake! 'Tis thy Cadijah calls thee!

(*She starts up.*)

Alas, this is not sleep! Some evil spirit

O'ershadows thee; — and, with prophetic soul,

Thou didst invoke Cadijah's presence here,

To share thy danger or avert the spell.

(*She falls upon her knees, with her back to him.*)

Hear, great Taâla! gleaming Sirius, hear!

Al Uzza, Hobal, guardian gods of Mecca,

Assist me now!

(*At the mention of these idols, Mohammed lifts his head: as she pronounces the last words, he rises, with his eyes fixed on the top of the rock.*)

MOHAMMED. Gone! — Gone! — Celestial messenger!

Angel of light! — Whence came those damned sounds?

CAD. My own dear lord!

МОН. What! — thou? — Begone! Away!
The ground is holy! — Yes 'twas there — 'twas
there

The angel stood, in more than mortal splendor,
Before my dazzled vision! — I have heard thee,
Ambassador from Allah to my soul,
Have heard, and will obey!

(He bows reverently before the rock.)

CAD. Alas, he raves!
My lord, what aileth thee?

МОН. Cadijah! — Tell me,—
Was it from thy most pure and cherished lips
Those names accursed fell?

CAD. What names, dear lord?

МОН. Al Uzza, Hobal, Sirius — Pah! they
choke me —
The names by which the idols are invoked!

CAD. Yes, I did ask our gods to bless thee.

МОН. Hush! —
Call them not gods — those blind and monstrous
things,
Those crude deformities, misshapen lumps
Of lifeless clay! — THERE IS NO GOD BUT ONE,—
MOHAMMED IS HIS PROPHET!

* * * * *

Hear me, Cadijah. Thou rememberest well
 When first I led to fruitful Syria
 Thy caravan: my fifteenth summer still
 Was blooming in my cheeks. I there beheld
 The rites of Jew and Christian, and oft heard
 The precepts of their sacred volumes. Then
 The unknown truths, of which my pining soul
 Had vaguely dreamed, began to dawn in beauty.
 In solitude and silence, years rolled by:
 Scorning idolatry, mistrusting all
 The subtle heresies of monk and Jew,
 Mine eye, unsatisfied, was ever raised
 To its Creator, asking light! light! light!
 It came, at last, Cadijah — here! — this night! —
 This very hour!

* * * * *

I was here alone,
 Expecting thee, when, suddenly, I heard
 My name pronounced, with voice more musical
 Than Peri warbling in the dreamy ear.
 Ravished, I turned, and saw upon that rock,
 Resplendent hovering there, an angel form:
 I knew 'twas Gabriel, Allah's messenger.
 Celestial glories compassed him around;

Arched o'er his splendid head, his glistening
wings

Shed light, and musk, and melody. No more
I saw,— no more my mortal eye could bear.
Prone on my face I fell, and, from the dust,
Besought him quench his superhuman radiance.
“ Look up ! ” he said : I stole a trembling glance ;
And there, a beauteous youth, he stood and
smiled.

Then, as his ruby lips unclosed, I heard —

“ GO, TEACH WHAT MORTALS KNOW NOT YET —

THERE IS

NO GOD BUT ONE,— MOHAMMED IS HIS
PROPHET ! ”

* * * *

My mission is to all mankind, but first
To *thee* ! Dost thou believe ?

CAD. My lord !

MOH. My wife !

Believe !— for though thy breath is half my life,
And though I hold thy deep maternal love
Dearer than all the wealth that lines the sea,
Or decks the Persian priest, or tyrant Greek,—
Dearer than all the beauty in the world

Gathered and moulded into one fair woman,—
Yet, by the throne of Allah, whose commands
Possess my soul, if thou believest not,
With thy whole heart and mind, thou shalt expire,
A victim to thy infidelity!

(She falls upon her knees.)

Who will believe, if thou art recreant?
Who will receive, if thou dost turn away?
Who will adore, if thou shalt still refuse
To bend thy stubborn knee? 'Tis writ above,
By angel fingers, with a pen of light,
Upon the mystic tablets, which contain
Th' eternal scheme fulfilled and unfulfilled,
Thou shalt believe, and shalt be blest forever!
Blest in the shadow of the Tuba tree —
Blest in the pearl-paved garden of Al Jannat —
Blest at the sweet and fragrant fount of Tas-
nim —
Blest in the midst of Allah and his angels! —
Exalt thy heart in praise and gratitude! —
Confess! confess there is no God but One, —
Mohammed is his Prophet!

SCENE II. *Square before the Temple, at sunrise.*
Enter Omar, buried in thought.

OMAR. Where shall I find a stepping-stone to
power? —

Men laud my wisdom — could my wisdom win
Authority, a diadem of pearls
Should ornament and recompense my brains.
What's wisdom, if it cannot benefit
Its master?

*(He folds his arms on his breast, and muses.
Enter Abubeker.)*

ABUBEKER *(touching Omar)*. Thinking, Omar,
— ever thinking?

OMAR. Thought's an infirmity to which I'm
subject.

ABUB. A pestilence that blackens you all over.
Thinking of what?

OM. The future!

ABUB. *(bowing, in mock reverence.)* Prophecy.

OM. Our governor Abu Taleb's failing fast;
The peace of Mecca hangs upon his life;
The rival lines of Hashem and Ommeya
Will light their feuds around his funeral torch.

ABUB. Sophian, the Ommeyite, must prevail.
Ali, our governor's son, is but a boy,
Artless, all fire and impulse, and a poet.

As for Mohammed, he consumes his life
Moping in Hara's cave or housed in Mecca,
Shunning all intercourse with man or God:
I know not what he means.

OM. He's not the man
To be absorbed in nothing, Abubeker:
Rely upon it, he means something.

ABUB. (*sneering.*) Means!
Sophian's action's too much for his meaning.
Caled, Amrou, with more than half the army,
And all the Bedouin tribes, are fast Ommeyites.
Two thirds of Mecca clamor for Sophian —
He has the people with him.

OM. And soon may have them on him.

ABUB. The masses make the governor.

OM. And may
Unmake him too.

* * * * *

(*Exeunt Omar and Abubeker. Enter Sophian.*)

SOPHIAN. Old men are just as slow
In dying, as in everything they do.
One old man's life is all that stands between
Me and that aim and summit of my hopes,—
To govern Mecca; — but he *will* not die.

Ah, here he is, and weaker, thank the gods!

(Enter Abu Taleb.)

Hail to the honored Governor of Mecca!

Hail, Abu Taleb! I am filled with joy,

To see thy cheeks still ruddy with the bloom

Of youth.

ABU TALEB. No, no: these thin and frosty
locks,

Whitened by fourscore years, are dropping down
O'er cheeks as pallid as themselves. My stream
Will soon be lost among the sands.

SOPH. The gods
Forbid!

A. TAL. I thank thee.

SOPH. May we soon expect
Mohammed, thy dear nephew, from the cave
Of Hara?

A. TAL. Ere the day has closed, I hope.

(Exit Abu Taleb.)

SOPH. Ay, totter on, thou withered Hashem-
ite!

Soon must the grave, now gaping, close on thee;
And then, Sophian's Governor of Mecca!

(Enter Caleb and Amrou.)

SOPH. Caled, have you marked, of late,
The sudden change in this Mohammed's man-
ner —

How sternly through the Caäba he sweeps,
Frowning upon our venerated idols,
Nor bowing e'en before the agate shafts
Of purple Hobal?

CALED. I have marked him oft,
And thought contempt, instead of reverence,
lurked
Within his eye.

SOPH. And, Caled, did the sight
Not send the indignant blood against thy cheek?

CAL. No, or it would have quickly sent my
hand
Against my sword: but I am more offended,
When, stiff with majesty, he stalks along,
Hugging himself in solemn dignity,
As if, perforce, he mingled with mankind,
And spurned us, to commune with some wise god
Within him.

(Exeunt Caleb and Amrou.)

SOPH. . . . High-reaching thoughts
Shall pamper my ambition. There's young Ali,

A vain, romantic fool — a doting lover, —
Too young to care, too weak to scheme for
power,—
And mad Mohammed, whose ignoble soul,
Incapable of soaring, never felt
Ambition's goad,—these are my only rivals:
With Caled and Amrou on either hand,
I feel already governor elect! (*Exit Sophian.*)

SCENE III. *Apartment at Mohammed's — a table set for dinner, containing simply a lamb and a bowl of milk.—As the scenes part, Mohammed is discovered between Ali and Fatima, who are kneeling on the right and left, each with a hand in his.*

MOHAMMED. Now, while the heavens are
listening — while the tree,
Whose tuneful leaves perpetual music shed
O'er Paradise, is mute,—pronounce again
Those blessed words!

ALI AND FATIMA. There is no God but
One,—
Mohammed is his Prophet!

MOH. Lo! the ranks

Of white-winged Cherubim incline their heads,
To drink these accents. Rise, my children, rise!
(*They rise.*) My cousin Ali, if I read aright
Thy ardent soul, my daughter Fatima
Will make the roseate earth a fitting path
To that sweet heaven I promise thee; but faith
Alone deserves, and faith alone can win her.

(*Raising her veil.*)

Dost love her, Ali?

ALI. Love her!—life has been
One tribute to her! Is there in the past
A thought that was not of her?—can the future
Reflect a wish that is not burning for her?—
O, Fatima!
. . . Love can make the eager foot of youth
Fleet as the horse of Nejed.

MOH. . . .

The feast, to-day,
Is for the spirit, not its clay companion.
I offer you no soul-subduing wine,
Nor grape, nor olive from the groves of Yemen,
Nor meats enriched with spices that once flung
Their gay aroma o'er the Indian ocean;—

(*He rises.*)

I offer you what gold can never buy,
 Or sabre win, or prince or priest bestow —
 Islam and Eden! (*They all spring up.*)
 Hear me, sons of Adam!
 The angel Gabriel in Mount Hara's cave
 Appeared, last night, and thundered in mine
 ear,—

“Go, Prophet of the true and only God,
 Announce to man the glory of thy Master!”
 And here, obedient to that voice divine,
 Now, while his touch immortal thrills my soul,—
 Now, when a power supernal drives me on,—
 I call you to the service of the true
 And only God!

* * * * *

A. TAL. Then, canst thou ask us to fall down
 And worship thee?

МОН. Not *me*, but HIM who sends me.
 I do not say this mortal flesh is rich
 With God's own essence and angelic ichor,
 Or cry, “My right hand holds the key of
 heaven!”

I claim not to have scanned the hidden things
 Locked in the eternal breast; — I ask but this,—

Believe what is revealed.

AM. Revealed to whom?

MOH. To me.

AM. To thee? — but there must also be
A revelation unto us, that there has been
This revelation unto thee; or else
Perform a miracle, and prove thy mission.
For instance, bring to life this roasted lamb,
And send it bleating to that bowl of milk.

(They laugh.)

MOH. Laugh on — I bend my head submis-
sively.

Since time began, the prophet's foot has pressed
The thorn,—and curses greet him from the lips
He came to bless. But tremble while ye laugh,—
The past is fearful with the scoffer's doom.
You ask for miracles: if Allah wills
That light should reach your hearts, no miracle
Is needed; but if, wounded by your pride,
He wills it not, though troops of angels came,
Refulgent in celestial drapery,
To win your faith, ye still would disbelieve:
E'en if they built a ladder to the skies,
Ye would not climb.

THE DEATH OF DE SOTO.

(From De Soto.)

ACT V. SCENE IV.

AÑASCO AND OTHERS. Victory!

DE SOTO. No! — none whilst Tuscaluza lives.
Thrice have I seen him — thrice to combat dared
him —

Thrice foiled by intervening fools that claimed
The death designed for him.— Heav'n place him
here

Armed with thy dread artillery — fenced by
legions —

Shew me the man — the penetrable flesh
That crusts his soul — and tho' the flames of Hell
Wag their lithe tongues between us, they shall
fail

To part th' Avenger and the victim.

GALLEGOS.

Rest.

The day is won.

DE S. My oath is unfulfilled!

Hold out, my soul! — if there's one warrior spark
Within thee, let it kindle to a blaze.

Body of mine, thou art no mate for me! —
Thy joints are supple and thy muscles clothed
With power,—but the untiring spirit needs
A minister immortal as itself.

Not all the might that arms the lion's paw,
Or seals the charger's hornèd hoof with death,
Or swells the serpent when, erect with hate,
He crashes thro' the jungle, satisfies
Our restless appetite — still thirsting on
The soul must have its Maker's thunderbolt
Or pine as I do now. (*Enter soldier offering
water in his helm.*)

Thou first, best gift
Of Heav'n — The oath! — the oath! I cannot
taste it.

(*Tuscaluza passes amid the flame in the back-
ground.*)

'Tis Tuscaluza! — Wert thou Mercury
With all his wings fresh fledged, thou couldst
not 'scape me.

My horse, Gallegos.— (*Exit Gallegos.*)

Hold him in thine eye,
Gaytan, tho' Heav'n yawn to the empyrean!

(Exit De Soto. Enter Alvarado and soldiers.)

ALVAR. Now let our trumpets sound a pause
to battle.

Slaughter has done its work, let mercy reign.

(Enter Gonzalo.)

GON. The fleet, my Lord, the fleet is in the
river.

ALVAR. Art sure?

GON. Their sails are whitening half the stream.

ALVAR. Meet them and ask of Isabella.

Haste!

Thou to the fleet, and I to seek De Soto.

(Exeunt separately.)

SCENE. V. *(Night. Enter Alvarado, Porcallo.)*

ALVAR. Hast seen De Soto? — Speak! —

POR.

I followed them

Thro' marsh and glen, until the heathen turned
Grim with despair and rage, and stood at bay.

At his first shaft, methought De Soto reeled —
A second flew — Abdallah plunged and fell.

But like a lion bounding from his lair
De Soto sprang upon him: with one hand
Fast on his wrist he plucked his bow away —
Then took him by the throat.— My sword was
raised

To smite the powerless savage. "Stay thy stroke!"

De Soto cried: "Back to the town and bid them Meet me at Ulah's grave."

ALVAR. But is he wounded?

POR. Ay, to the death, I fear: he had not
reeled

Unless the blow were mortal.

ALVAR. Couldst thou leave him
Alone to wrestle with that brawny chief?

POR. Wounded or dying, he's an overmatch
For any single foe.

ALVAR. I will avenge him,
Tho' all this fated continent run blood.

POR. For men like him, there's no revenge
but tears.

From youth I've fronted all the forms of death
And given my forehead to the battle axe,
But never, never, sank my soul till now.

ALVAR. Lead on.

POR. The babe whose finger fails to crush
A flower, may lead Porcallo now.— This way.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI. (*Night. Ulah's grave, Mississippi.
Enter De Soto, Tuscaluza, grappling.*)

DE S. (*holding him a moment.*)
Behold her grave!— Chief, I could smite thee
now,
As I have sworn — but take another chance,
And use it well. (*Throwing him off.*)

I will not touch my sword —
We meet on equal footing, knife to knife.

TUS. Give me a moment's rest — thy lion
grasp
Upon my throat has robbed me of my breath.

DE S. Rest — breathe — and pray — for thou
hast need of all.
There liveth not the mortal whose right arm
Crossed mine in combat — and thou knowest,
savage,
That I have sometimes fought. (*Goes to the
grave.*)

At last in Heaven! —

Sweet saint, remember me.

TUS. (*springing upon him.*) Lie there with
her!

DE S. (*intercepting the blow.*) False heart
— false hand. 'Tis thus thou shouldst
have struck! (*Stabs. Tuscaluza falls.*)

TUS. Exult not, Spaniard,— thou shalt follow
soon —

Beneath thy steel coat lies the arrow head —
Behold that broken shaft—. Thou shalt not see
The morning. (*He dies.*)

DE S. There is nothing left to conquer!
He said that I was wounded. (*Feeling.*)
True — 'tis here.

An arrow in my side — I felt it not —
'Tis deep.— Now, death, we're face to face at last.
I fear thee not! (*Looking at Tuscaluza.*)

How tranquilly he lies!
Shall I have peace like that? O what a joy
Steals over me: before me sweeps my life,
Fleet and distinct: the mother smile shines out —
The curate blesses me — the manuscripts
Spread their black letters — Isabella steps

From the stone chapel's fretted arch — the lists
Ring with her name — Pizarro beckons me —
Ho, to the rescue! — River of my soul,
Say, wilt thou sing to sleep this brain of mine
With all these memories? O leave me one,—
Endless and changeless as thy mighty song,—
Love! — (*Enter Porcallo, Alvarado, followed by*
Añasco, Gallegos, Gayton, and Spanish army.)

ALVAR. Art thou wounded? Where?

DE S. Disturb it not —
Not for the universe! Closer, Porcallo.
'Tis our last battle-field. Dost thou remember
The sunset of our first? The day was won,
And spent with toil, I slept: thy tears awoke
me —

I felt thine arms around me — heard thy voice
Whispering I should be a Conqueror.
Have I fulfilled that early prophecy?

POR. A Conqueror unsullied by the stain
Of unresisting blood.

DE S. May Heav'n confirm it!
Farewell, old friend,—there's many a gallant
field
Before thee yet: remember me whene'er

The cry is Santiago, and our banner
Firm in the rocking war, wins victory
From fate.

POR. Remember? I shall die with thee.

DE S. No, by my Knighthood, No! — I
charge thee bear

This message to my wife — to Isabella:
Tell her to teach my story to my boy,
That he may love the sire he scarcely knew,—
Tell her to live for *him*: — then add but this —
Amidst temptation, danger and despair,
I kept our vow!

ALVAR. The fleet is in the river.

DE S. Ha! — say you so? — War's music be
their welcome,—

What word?

ALVAR. Gonzalo brings it — lo, he comes!
(*Enter Gonzalo.*)

DE S. Is Isabella well? — I'll hear the worst.
There is a curse unspoken in thy face.

GON. She's dead.

DE S. O, God! how desolate the earth has
grown,

How sweet the skies that hold her!

(*Taking him aside.*) Well? —

GON. Thy son —

DE S. I am his father! — Dost thou fear to
speak,

When I dare listen?

GON. Dead.

DE S. The cup is full! —

GON. You bleed.

DE S. Ay, father, you have made me bleed.—
Alvar (*taking him aside*), have masses said at
Ulah's grave,

And plant a cross of stone there, that its shadow
May sometimes sweep the river.—

Men of Spain,
In him behold your leader — by the cross,
I charge you swear to follow without question
Where'er he leads. (*They kneel.*)

OMNES. We swear!

DE S. (*to Alvar.*) Lead them to Spain.

ALVAR. And thou?

DE S. (*Plucking out the arrow.*) Out, min-
ister of mercy, out!

Blest be the hand that sent thee.— *I stay here!*

My children, cluster round me,— I am dying.
Bright be your lot amid the groves of Spain,
New honors and true loves. For me—but
this:—

Deep in that mighty river be my grave,
Its foam my shroud, its ceaseless voice my dirge,
Its everlasting wave my monument! (*He dies.*)



BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

(From Cromwell.)

Act V.

SCENE II. *Whitehall. Morning. Rumford, Egerton.*

RUM. Wouldst thou believe it, Brother Egerton,

Hugh Peters, once a shining light 'mongst us,
Hath sent a Bishop to the fated Sovereign?

• EGER. Thou art mistaken. Not he surely.
He hath too good a grace at holding forth,
Abominateth prelacy too much,
For such work.

RUM. Nay, man, they are closeted
Together yonder, haply practicing
Confession, sacrament and all such rites
Of Baal.

EGER. Confusion to them both!

RUM. Amen!

EGER. Does Pharaoh die to-day?

RUM. His scaffold's up.

'Tis a bright day. The crowd will see him well.
I hope we shall be near him.

EGER. Trust for that,
We shall be next the scaffold.

RUM. Do you think
The man will bear him bravely? It will try
The royal pride. Methinks that you or I
Would not look over-well upon a scaffold.

EGER. Verily,
Not over-well.

RUM. It is an awkward testing place,
E'en for the elect. What chance, then, for a
sinner?

*(Enter Charles, leading the Bishop out, and
receiving mutually his blessing.)*

Said I not so — the Bishop and the King?

CHARLES. Good neighbors, leave us to our-
selves awhile.

RUM. Shall I discourse with him?

EGER. 'Twere unction
wasted.

RUM. There's something fiendish in his eye
that says so.

(Exeunt Rumford, Egerton.) (Enter Leslie.)

CHARLES. Where have you been? At break
of day I found
Your pallet empty.

LES. I have been to walk,
To breathe the morning air.

CHARLES. You are pale and haggard.

LES. To see you calmly sleeping all night
long,
Placidly breathing, 'tho' each breath brought
nearer
This fatal morn — such sights may make one
haggard.

CHARLES. My peace with Heaven is made, my
foes I pardon,—
All, even Cromwell. Death is very near,
My hours, my minutes, numbered. I must seem
As trim as may be. Am I well attired?
I have put on an under-robe, lest cold
Should make me shiver, and men call it fear.
Thou shalt not blush for thy lost monarch,
Leslie.
I feel the high, hereditary blood, the spirit of my
murdered ancestors,
Stir at my heart! Mark when the axe is o'er
me,—

Not an eye-lash shall quiver. Weep not, Leslie.
Preserve this packet for my wife and him —
The son who yet shall occupy my throne.
Tell them my story, it is at its close.

LES. My King, I shall not live to tell the tale.
'Round Eastern monarchs hecatombs are slain,
Upon the Indian's grave his swarthy wife,
Kindling a pyre, ends her brief widowhood;
And there shall be one cavalier, at least,
With soul enough not to survive his king.

CHARLES. My son!

LES. (*Kneeling*) Thy blessing? (*Enter
Pearson and file of men.*)

PEAR. Sire, the hour is come.

LES. Give these to Pearson, he is merciful.

CHARLES (*to Pearson.*) Kind sir, I ask a
favor — 'tis the last

And easily granted. Send this open packet
Safe to my queen and children. It contains
Matters that cannot hurt your Parliament,—
Mere toys of love, and frail memorials.
And pray you let me have a velvet pall,
A leaden coffin with a leaden scroll.

(*Whisper*) And guard my body as you would
a soldier's.

Thou understandest? Shrink not, sir, 'tis all.
Charles Stuart is ready, gentlemen, move on.
And now witness, England, how a king should
die! (Exeunt.)

SCENE III. (*Cromwell's. The crown of England veiled upon a table. An archway curtained off in rear. Enter Pearson and Bess weeping.*)

PEAR. Where is thy father?

BESS. He hath watched all night,
And sleepeth now. (*Enter Cromwell.*)

CROM. Not now — not yet! — to-morrow!
Up, up a hill, a hill as high as Bashan,
My spirit toils. Step after step I mount.
Now gleams the topmost within my grasp.
Now sweeps the cloud atwixt us. Upward still
Chase the illusive phantom tho' the heart
Break 'gainst the beating rib. Thy business,
Pearson?

PEAR. Wilt thou be present at the execution?

CROM. As wax before the fire, so melt the
wicked:

He shakes the hills, the mountains and they reel.

PEAR. Wilt thou be present at the execution?

CROM. No, not for England! Post my Iron-
sides

Close to the scaffold. I shall watch from here.

If Fairfax offer thee resistance, fight,

Fight to the knife! I shall be present then —

A rushing like the rush of many waters!

Is that the people gathering?

PEAR.

They come :

I must away to do my duty.

CROM.

Do it,

Tho' heaven, affrighted, open to its core. (*Exit
Pearson.*)

O, were I free among the dead, the slain,

That lie in graves, whom thou no more remem-
berest!

Thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves.

I am shut up — Thy fierce wrath sweepeth me.

Lover and friend, hast thou forsaken me?

Poor King, thy part is easier played than mine!

(*Lifting the veil from the crown.*)

Behold the crown of England! It has pressed

The head of many a hoary villain — shot

Dismay from every jewel! It is gold,

CROM. Well for them they cannot!

BESS. Father, this scene appalls me! Who is he
Now kneeling to the King? 'Tis Leslie!

CROM. Ay!

Here, thou pale trembler, hide thy forehead here.
I'll face it, tho' the vision smite me dead!

(Throws open the curtain, revealing scaffold.)

The block! The axe! The executioner! —
Charles Stuart, thou art a king upon thy scaffold!
Thy crown and throne gave no such majesty.
Calmly he bows his head unto the block —
God! can they smite him there so meekly bending!
Hold off thine axe, thou damned headsman, hold!

(Lets the curtain fall.)

(Tottering forward.)

O, this is worse than all the gates of Gaza!
Is it a dim, dreadful dream, or is it real?
Bess, is that scaffold stained — is the King dead?
Hark there are heavy footsteps in the lobby.

(Enter Pearson and guard, with Leslie wounded.)

PEAR. *(In a whisper.)* Leslie! As we stood
He slew the headsman, ere we could prevent;
Then sternly stood at bay.

CROM. It was like him.

PEAR. Rumford and Egerton avenged the blow.

CROM. A warrior of the ancient Roman mould!

(Enter Harrison and Ireton with guard.)

BESS. Leslie!

LES. Never! — You said there was a land
Beyond the grave where we might meet again,
There shall I wait for you. Farewell to foe and
friend!

Farewell, sweet cousin Bess! *(He dies.)*

BESS. Father, he's dead.

(She falls insensible upon the body.)

CROM. O, Bess, my young, my beautiful, my
brave! —

Pearson, my eyes are dim: get me that crown.

(Enter Rumford, Egerton, and Ironsides.)

Ye men of England, we have lived for this.

(Dashing down the crown.)

Crash, damned symbol! Rot and crumble there!

Leap, ye high hills; ye skipping mountains, leap!

At last the freeman's foot is on the crown!

(Tableaux.)

(Curtain falls.)

(Excunt omnes.)

COMEDIES.

NOTE.

Mr. Miles left in manuscript not less than a dozen Comedies and Farces. At least five of these were written for Mr. John T. Ford, Holliday Street Theater, Baltimore, under whose management they were put on the stage with merited success.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

(Señor Valiente.)

There are many difficulties in the path of American Comedy. The assimilation of thought — produced by the reading of the same books and the same newspapers, and by the now almost universal opportunities of travel and culture — has virtually abolished that independent personal development and those individual peculiarities upon which Comedy is partly based. Republics like ours do not afford the varieties of class, costume and character so favorable to dramatic effects. It is also quite as difficult for the Stage as for the Bench to act without a precedent; and quite as arduous to interpret a new part as to create one. There is material enough in the contrasts of Eastern, Southern and Western life — in the varieties of our European population — in the comic or tragic element abundantly furnished by the African: but the material is scarcely yet sufficiently concentrated in any one Metropolis,— New York,

perhaps, excepted,— to present a perfect field for that observation and study which ordinarily precede success. It is needless to apologize for the many imperfections of “Señor Valiente,” but if it prove a step in the right direction I shall not regret the labor it has cost.

SEÑOR VALIENTE.

ACT I.

CLEM. (*with dignity.*) A spy! I was a servant in your Father's house before you were born. I was with your Mother when she died in a foreign land. I followed you, an orphaned child, across the sea, for I had sworn to watch over you.

LILLE (*sharply.*) You have kept your oath. You *do* watch me with a vengeance. You watch me when I sit with Pa — you watch me when I walk with Manny — you watch me when I eat — you watch me when I sleep — watch me when I wake — you're watchman enough for this whole Metropolis. I'm sick of it. I might as well be in Spain or Turkey, with a hook-nosed duenna, or a thick-lipped blackamoor. A pretty state of things for Fifth Avenue.

CLEM. (*very significantly.*) Some folks need watching, Mistress Lille, even though they live in Fifth Avenue.

LILLE. (*Rings a bell.*) So you have passed from impertinence to insult. I wish you old family servants had died out before I was born.

CLEM. They'll soon be gone.

LILLE. When? — Can't you name the day?

CLEM. When masters and mistresses have lost the little likeness they still keep to gentlemen and ladies.

* * * *

LILLE. How shall I ever tell him? I know I'm blushing dreadfully. It's strange I should, too, in my *second* winter — few girls do in their first.

(*Enter Flintleigh with his hat on, putting on his gloves.*)

FLINT. Well, Lille, what it is? — (*a pause.*) Speak quick. It's noon now — there's a meeting of the Salt River Railroad at two, and of the Cannibal Conversion Society at three. You know I'm President of the one and Treasurer of the other — so speak quick. Besides, the devil's to pay in Wall Street, and between gambling and the Gospels I've a tough time of it.

* * * *

LILLE. Is he worth having?

FLINT. He drives his two trotters — hunts his two Spanish pointers — carries his two bottles — keeps his two — ahem! — yachts — sports a moustache à l'Empereur — sonnetizes in the *Home Journal* — wears yellow kids, and owes from Grace Church to Castle Garden. That's a woman's idea of a man worth having — isn't it?

(*They cross.*)

LILLE. (*Rubbing her hands.*) Yes — delightful — and then his family. A 1, you know — General Caverly.

FLINT. American families are very like American firms — A 1 to-day — B flat to-morrow. Are you *going* to have him?

* * * *

LILLE. Well — he loves me — dreadfully. I'd marry him to escape his attentions.

* * * *

LILLE. Why, you're his bosom friend.

MAN. There's one little difference between bosom friend masculine and bosom friend feminine — we *hear* secrets, you *tell* them.

* * * *

MAN. Excuse me, but why do all you women run mad after men who scorn you?

LILLE. Because we'd rather have masters than slaves.

* * * *

LILLE. What *can* I say? If the old people don't come down, what could we live on — love and lyrics?

MAN. Why not? If more dared venture that diet, it would be a better world.

LILLE. What, — sit still and have you counting your fingers — tearing your hair — staring at the ceiling — dashing convulsively at the inkstand day and night? Or should I do the prose of our establishment, by trying my hand at your stockings, when my arms were not at war with the wash-tub?

MAN. Brava, Lille! That's the true twang of the times! Wouldn't it be monstrous for two young hearts to go on beating abreast through God's beautiful world, without old people to help them? The turtle doves do it — but we poor human things dare not.

MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

LORD. I beg you, my dear Mr. Hawthorne ——

HAW. Yes, sir ; I feel that whenever I put my name to paper, I put my hand into your pocket ; but in spite of all, when the test comes, and the needy beg in the name of the Owner of all things, it seems to matter little from whose wallet the crust is drawn.

* * * *

HAW. Mistress Alice, although an act of love and an act of charity are synonymous in our church service, yet it is wiser not to confound them in common practice.

LORD. (*Taking Vernon aside.*) Vernon, in mercy to Mary Stillworth — in justice to your own honor — let this little episode with Alice die to-day. Whatever vows —

VER. There are none. It was our misfortune to meet, our folly to love, and it is now our duty to part. But, to borrow your own language,

brother,—the flowers do not cease to bloom because the plowshare must soon pass over them.

VER. And before spring you will have coaxed another fool to lay his heart at your feet.

ALICE. And is there any better resting-place for a man's heart than at a true woman's feet?

* * * *

VER. (*Returns.*) George Lordly, you have won. Your manhood and gold against my poverty and youth. You have won a battle, but take care lest you lose a heart — a brother's heart at that.

LORD. Pshaw, Vernon, I am used to losing hearts. I once even went so far as to lose my own — but it was picked up and sent back a little bruised and broken. Don't threaten *me* with the loss of a heart — a human heart. Why, brother, I should miss it less than a sparrow from yonder tree top. Titus fretting over his lost day was less contemptible than a man of my age fretting over a lost heart.

* * * *

ALICE. (*In tears.*) More than that; I have taught him to despise me.

HAW. And if he should despise you? Look

up, my child. Yonder bounds the sun above the hills, as if the Grand Master himself had come to watch his world awhile, and sent his sentinel stars to sleep. Tears, like the rain, are followed by the sunshine. The hand of the Great Consoler is sure to paint his promised rainbow on the clouds, a sign for the deluge to cease.

* * * *

JANE. If fathers' heads all turned with their daughters' heels ——

BEALE. Well, Jane Jones?

JANE. Madmen would be dreadfully in the majority.

* * * *

JANE. Have you ever witnessed a romance in real life?

MARY. There is no romance worth naming out of real life.

* * * *

LORD. He is here. This match-making's a very heart-breaking business—that's why women like it, I suppose.

* * * *

MARY. Has she stung you, Vernon? Has she driven you from her side, that you fly to me for comfort? Your cheek is flushed—your eye is

flashing. Beware how you urge, in a momentary pique, a step, that, once taken, is irrevocable.

VER. I am sick of these "bewarees." (*Rises.*) It seems to be my brother's peculiar function to mutter "Beware! beware!" wherever I go, or whatever I do, and you have learned to echo him. I am not a child, to be scared by a raven's croaking. Yet even he would change his note for once, and sing—"Marry, Marry!" And know, Mary Stillworth, that it is to-day or never—

MARY. *Never!* let it be then. (*Rises.*) By what right dare you propose to-day or never? Suppose I should prefer to-morrow or next day, or a week hence. Suppose I should like a new gown, or a new head-dress. Suppose I should like a month to test our reconciliation? Would not your sublime majesty accord me one of those feminine prerogatives?

* * * *

MARY. Why, Beale, you are ill? You seem to have the ague.

BEALE. I ham hovercome.

MARY. By what?

BEALE. Hovercome by a crisis—a crisis in

the 'istory of this 'ouse. Something's 'appened, Miss Stillworth. I'll be shot if I do tell what's 'appened, and I begin to be hafraid I'll be shot if I don't.

* * * *

LORD. (*Rising.*) What has happened? You are pale as a ghost.

MARY. I have heard a voice from the grave.

LORD. What has shaken you so terribly?

MARY. (*Controlling herself.*) There was nothing terrible in this voice from the grave, this music from the other world; it is but a sweet, strange story.

LORD. You have been dreaming.

MARY. Then interpret the dream. (*They sit again on the sofa.*) There was once a man who held an office of trust, who lived beyond his means, who gambled in the vain hope of retrieving his fortunes, who once, in a moment of despair and want, defrauded the bank over which he presided.

LORD. (*Aside, communingly.*) Has Hawthorne betrayed the whispered trust of dying penitence? (*Laughing.*) Well, girl, it needs no

ghost from the grave to tell us that Bank robbery is no miracle.

MARY. The miraculous part has yet to come. Hear me on. The president was the true criminal, but the clerk, who had been the dupe, was the only victim—the victim by his own free choice and act. It needed but his own word to clear him—that word was never spoken. It needed even all his intellect to conceal his innocence, and he tasked his ingenuity to prove his guilt. Innocent, unasked, unbought, silencing the confession of the contrite thief with a reckless laugh that seemed ambitious of disgrace, he stepped between the culprit and his doom, and sacrificed his own honor to save his friend's. (*Rising as he rises, and sinking slowly to her knee.*) The president of that bank was my father—the clerk who saved him was you, George Lordly.

ABOU HASSAN.

MOTH. M. Who keeps open house, when the
day comes to lock it,
Must look for the key in a creditor's pocket.

The miser exults in his gold bags,
The sage in his wisdom is blest ;
But in purple and gold, or in old rags,
Abou Hassan's chief joy is his jest.

ABOU. We'll say that you're suddenly sick —
indigestion,
Convulsions, hysterics, cramp-colic, congestion.

MOTH. M. No, the Queen would be sure to
send after her pet,
And so we'd be caught in a nice little net.
Send word that *I'm* dying — nobody will fret.
She can nurse me to-night and to-morrow report
That I've suddenly rallied to comfort the court.

MES., (*loftily.*) No possible pain that a man
ever felt,
No possible blow that a girl ever dealt,
Compares with the extract of agony wrung
From a woman when forced into holding her
tongue.

(*Goes to table. Carousal.*)

ZARA, (*taking Mother M. apart.*) I know these
gentlemen, Ma; it won't hurt them
If we get up some nice little game to divert them.
Let's be at it; and soon that big bully shall know
What a man may expect when a woman's his foe.

M. OF C. An embassy from India in the hall
Craves audience.

ABOU. Indians? Kill them all!
We'll have no peace until the last one's shot.
On with the dance. Ohe! the coffee's hot!

A general amnesty.

OMNES. That's what we want.

ABOU. Let us have peace all round, and no
more bother;

A rebel *once* won back is *twice* a brother.

Duo.

ABOU. Will you wed me, love, at e'en?

ZARA. Where, O where shall we meet?

ABOU. Where the willows weeping lean
O'er the fountain at their feet;

ZARA. Where our morn of love was spent
'Mid the myrtles and the flowers;

ABOU. Where the violet never bent
Under other steps than ours.

Ambo.

Fail not, love, to meet me there,
At the twilight's purple close,
When the dew-drop's virgin tear
Gilds the lily and the rose.

ZAR. I hear and obey.

(*Aside.*) Poor Abou, I'm really tired of teasing him,

I'd rather be thinking of wedding and pleasing him.

My curse on all Princes! Hurrah for the day
When Caliph and King shall have both passed
away!

GIAF. The first step will be to provide
Retribution in kind.

MES. Make him marry some witch
Who will carefully keep him in check with her
switch.

Some desperate she-devil, lame, ugly, and old,

With a claw that can scratch and a tongue that
can scold.

MES. (*to Giaf., sotto voce.*) Shall I punch in
his head? Shall

I give him a cuff?

GIAF. Let him marry, that's punishment,
surely, enough.

MES. But she's pretty; and what I detest is to
see

A pretty girl marry any other than me.

Chorus.

What's the matter, Abou Hassan,
Roaring like a bull of Bashan,
What has put you in a passion?

ABOU.

Fiends attacked me,
Woolled and whacked me,
Hewed and hacked me,
Wronged and racked me.

Chorus.

It's a shame, a mortal shame, sir.
Come and tell us what their names were;
They'll be made to answer soon.

ABOU.

Take me, friends, unto your keeping,
Tho' I'm nearly blind with weeping,
Let me see the great Haroun.

Solo and Chorus.

Let { $\begin{smallmatrix} \text{me} \\ \text{him} \end{smallmatrix}$ } see the great Haroun.

Bis. What's the matter, Abou Hassan,
What has put him in a passion?

Chorus.

Tell us, tell us why you're battered,
Why your dress is torn and tattered,
Why your face with blood is spattered?

ABOU.

Demons found me, grinned around me,
Beat and bound me, then discrowned me.

Chorus.

It's a shame, a mortal shame, sir.
Come and tell us what their names were;
They'll be made to answer soon.

ABOU.

Am I dreaming, am I waking?
Every bone in me is aching.
Let me see the great Haroun.

Solo and Chorus.

Let { $\begin{smallmatrix} \text{me} \\ \text{him} \end{smallmatrix}$ } see the great Haroun.

Bis. What's the matter, Abou Hassan,
Bis. Roaring like a bull of Bashan?

Solo and Chorus.

Let { $\begin{smallmatrix} \text{me} \\ \text{him} \end{smallmatrix}$ } see the great Haroun.

Echo Song.

(From "A Picture of Innocence")

There's a spirit in the distance,
Where I others I cannot tell,
But I'm sure it harks and listens,
Lingering somewhere in the dell,
Singing sometimes very nigh;
For ere half my heart I utter,
Oft a thousand answers flutters
In reply.

— 11 —

Like the sigh of one that dreameth
Flies its faint and fairy tone;
Voice and word of mine it heareth,
Only sweeter than my own,
Only sweeter, sweeter far;
Fast from hill to valley calling,
As if some sweet song were falling
From a star.

ESSAYS, ORATIONS, ETC.

NOTE.

Mr. Miles was a constant contributor to the best American reviews of his time, although his articles were seldom signed. His name has been kept before the public chiefly by his novels, which, though quite respectable, are by no means his highest work. His power as a literary critic was of the first order; his essays are full of force and grace. The one, a study of Hamlet, has every element of an English classic.

A STUDY OF HAMLET.

In all of Shakespeare's finer plays, there is sure to be, at least, one master mind among the characters. Lear, even in grotesque dilapidation, is a master mind, Iago is another, Macbeth, or rather his Demon Lady, is another; but the tragedies themselves are far from owing their chief dramatic force and interest to this individual ascendancy. In the calm, vindictive envy of Iago, in the rage and desolation of Lear, in the remorse of Macbeth, passion or plot is the governing motive of interest; but there is never a storm in "Hamlet" over which the "noble and most sovereign reason" of the young prince is not as visibly dominant as the rainbow, the crowning grace and glory of the scene. Richard is the mind nearest Hamlet in scope and power; but it is the jubilant wickedness, the transcendent dash and courage of the last Plantagenet, that rivet his hold on an audience; whereas, the most salient phase

of Hamlet's character is his superb intellectual superiority to all comers, even to his most dangerous assailant, madness. The fundamental charm of *Hamlet* is its amazing eloquence; its thoughts are vaster than deeds, its eloquence mightier than action. The tragedy, in its most imposing aspect, is a series of intellectual encounters. The Crusaders of Ashby de la Zouche, engaging all the challengers, is not more picturesque than this Desdichado of Denmark consecutively overthrowing every antagonist, from Polonius in the Castle to Laertes in the grave.

But the difficulty of *representing* this! The enormous difficulty of achieving a true tragic success, less by the passions and trials than by the pure intellectual splendor of the hero! The almost superhuman difficulty of imparting dramatic interest to a long war of words — for the part of Hamlet is well nigh twice the length of any other on the stage,—the almost superhuman power whereby the prince, instead of degenerating into a mere senior wrangler, is so exalted by the witchery of speech, that the lit brow of the young academician for once outshines the war-

rior's crest, for once compels a more than equal homage from the masses!

Perhaps Shakespeare never asked himself the question, never precisely recognized the difficulty. But, as the vision of the unwritten Drama loomed vaguely before him, he must have been conscious of a summons to put forth all his strength. With a central figure of such subtle spirituality, with a plot subordinating action to eloquence, or rather substituting eloquence for action, the great dramatist instinctively employed a Saracenic richness and variety of detail. The structure of *Macbeth* is Egyptian, massive as the pyramids, or Thebes; of *Othello*, unadorned, symmetrical, classic; of *Lear*, wild, unequal, fantastic, straggling as a Druid Grove; but *Hamlet* resembles some limitless Gothic Cathedral with its banners and effigies, its glooms and floods of stained light, and echoes of unending dirges. I never read "Act I. Scene I. *Elsinore. A platform before the Castle. Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo,*" without, somehow, beholding the myriad-minded poet at his desk, pale, peaceful, conscientious, yet pausing as in the Stratford bust, with

lips apart, and pen and eye awhile uplifted, as organists pause that silence may settle into a deeper hush,—the longest pause at such a moment that Shakespeare ever made. But though not embarrassed by the difficulty, he must surely have been awed by the immensity of his undertaking. For the fundamental idea of the tragedy is not only essentially non-dramatic, but peculiarly liable to misinterpretation; since any marked predominance of the intellectual over the animal nature is constantly mistaken for weakness.

The difference between a strong man and a weak one, though indefinable, is infinite. The prevalent view of Hamlet is, that he is weak. We hear him spoken of as the gentle prince, the doomed prince, the meditative prince, but never as the strong prince, the great prince, the terrible prince. He is commonly regarded as more of a dreamer than a doer; something of a railer at destiny; a blighted, morbid existence, unequal either to forgiveness or revenge; delaying action till action is of no use, and dying the victim of mere circumstance and accident. The exquisite metaphor of Goethe's about the oak tree and the

vase predestined for a rose, crystallizes and perpetuates both the critical and the popular estimate of Hamlet. The Wilhelm Meister view is, practically, the only view; a hero without a plan, pushed on by events alone, endowed more properly with sentiments than with a character,—in a word, *weak*. But the Hamlet of the critics and the Hamlet of Shakespeare are two different persons. A close review of the play will show that Hamlet is strong, not weak,—that the basis of his character is *strength*, illimitable strength. There is not an act or an utterance of his, from first to last, which is not a manifestation of power. Slow, cautious, capricious, he may sometimes be, or seem to be; but always strong, always large-souled, always resistless.

* * * *

With too much reason, Hamlet had lost all trust in his mother; and when we cease to trust our mothers, we cease to trust humanity. Hamlet belonged to that middle circle of the Sons of Light, who became cynics, instead of villains, in adversity. Characters of perfect sincerity, of exhaustless tenderness, of ready trust, when once

deceived by the few that were dearest, become irrevocably mistrustful of all. Your commonplace neighbor who knows himself a sham, accepts, perhaps prefers, a society of shams; has no idea of being very true to anybody, or of anybody's being very true to him; leads a sham life and dies a sham death, as near as the latter achievement is possible, leaving a set of sham mourners behind him. But your heart, whose perfect insight was blinded only by its perfect love, once fooled in its tenderest faith, must be either saint or cynic; must belong either to God or to doubt forevermore. A blighted gentleness is as savage in the expression of its scorn as your born misanthropist or your natural villain; save that the hatred of the one is for vice, and cant, and cunning, of the other for credulity and virtue; save that the last is cruel in word and deed, the first in word alone.

* * * *

By the inexorable logic of events, Hamlet is ranged *against* the throne, the conspicuous head and front of a moral opposition, an inevitable, though passive, rebel. If Horatio is *loyal*, no

matter what their previous friendship, they are thenceforth foes. One must have lived through civil war to appreciate the dexterous nicety with which Hamlet feels his former friend.

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HOR. *Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.*

Even this little, from a man like Horatio, is enough; they are on the same side, rebels both. Quick as lightning the glance is given and returned; he can trust Marcellus and Bernardo, too, and bares his heart to them with a fierce sigh of relief.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio.

My father,—methinks I see my father.

* * * *

Whatever may be thought of the words, the *action*—that doomed figure, crouching over its tables in the dim midnight,—is a flash of positive madness, brief as lightning, but as terrible, too. In this moment of supreme trial, his mind gives way: the remainder of the act is a struggle to

restore the lost equilibrium. And in all the annals of tragedy, there is nothing half so frightful as this tremendous conflict of a godlike reason battling for its throne against Titanic terror and despair.

* * * *

The walking ghost of a murdered king, fresh from the glare of penal fires, swearing an only son to vengeance, must be quite as trying to the soul of innocence as the chimeras of remorse to the nerves of guilt. If Hamlet's reason is momentarily dethroned, it is only to reassert its supremacy — only to pass triumphantly through the ordeal of delirious reaction.

* * * *

The future is vague and hopeless, but, come what may, he means to be master of the situation. His manner must necessarily change, but he will mask the change with madness — an easy mask for one whose whole life is spent in holding real madness at bay,—whose reason would be lost in dark abysses of despair, but for the quenchless truth and splendor of an imagination which encircles and upholds him like an outstretched angel's wing.

REVERENCE.¹

The Philomathean Society, by whom I am invited here, must be, in part, responsible for the demands I am about to make on your patience and attention. In their willingness to honor me, they were slightly deficient in charity to you; and — if such a stale profession may be believed — I really feel much embarrassed.

There was a time, in days gone by, when I appeared with more confidence on these very boards. For then, it seems to me, there was a remorseless critic, armed with a pen, sharp as the sword of Saladin, with which whole pages were swept away, and half the young brain's harvest cut down, again and again, until by repeated shearing, like little girls' hair, it sprouted forth in proper strength and thickness. And, though I am assured this *veto* power is not exercised nowadays, I must lament, in chorus with you,

¹ From an Oration before the Philomathean Society.

that I have not still the benefit of it. I feel pretty sure, by way of sample, that the little girl's hair, the young brain's harvest, and the sword of Saladin itself would not have escaped that same unsparing and avenging goose-quill. The exemplary obedience with which we submitted to those awful inroads, brings me to the subject I have chosen for my remarks — I mean, REVERENCE.

* * * *

We are dependent beings, born to revere:— something to reverence, is the necessary craving of our souls, and we are incomplete unless that craving is gratified. But, undirected by inspiration, our fallen nature is almost as prone to reverence vice as virtue. Temptation advances with civilization, until, yielding to the enchantment of sin, the idol is dignified and beautified to justify admiration. “Io Bacche!” resounds at the feast of the Eleusinian Ceres — the orgies of Cotytto eclipse the pale revels of the Cyprian Queen, and the mysteries of the Pyramids are renewed for the Epicurean. And after this desecration of Olympus has taken place, the nation may flourish, Anacreon sing, Demosthenes speak, and Plato

spin his phantom Republic ; and Cicero may thunder against Catiline and Mark Antony — and Virgil and Horace may embalm or corrupt an Augustan age, but the spirit of true Reverence is expiring, and the worm of decay is already at work.

* * * *

It is the religious element in us, reverencing God in the beauty and majesty of his works, that produces whatever is beautiful in literature, art, and society. It was the spirit of Reverence that drew the Troglodytes from their caves and adorned the banks of the Nile, from Meroe and the Isle of Flowers to the Delta, with forms of everlasting beauty. It was the spirit of Reverence that made the Jews God's chosen people, and built them a city which Jehovah alone had power to overthrow.

It was the spirit of Reverence that gave energy to the indolent Hindoo, and displayed the monstrous bulk of the Várahávatár and the vast excavations of Canarah.

It was the spirit of Reverence that peopled every mountain and valley in Greece with the

fair creations still invoked by modern rhymers. Amidst the silence and loveliness of nature they thought that spirits of equal beauty must be lurking — guardian genii of the scene — gods. And who are father Æneas, Romulus and Egeria but the children of Reverence?

The wild scenery of the North brought forth gods of stern might and majesty: Odin, Thor,—dark, icy creatures, the fathers of Alaric and Attila. Yet the Scandinavian deity was but another form of the somber Buddha, the fantastic Fo, and the graceful Jupiter.

It is the spirit of Reverence that has been the mother of heroes in all ages. . . . There never was true painter, true poet, true sculptor, true musician, true architect, who was not her child. The false artist may feign an invocation to the muse, but cannot soar unless he feels her divinity.

* * * * *

Though our divines think they cannot be eloquent in less than two hours, our lawyers in less than four, our Senators in less than six; and though the excellence of a book or a speech is usually measured by its length, yet the nation

is not utterly insensible to the charm of brevity and elegance. For not long since, when those admirable letters and dispatches came from the Rio Grande, and Monterey, and Buena Vista, we were scarcely more delighted with the victories themselves than with the style which announced them. The following election proved that General Taylor had conquered two nations at once — the enemy's with his sword, his own with his pen.

After such an instance of public good taste, we are inclined to think that we may yet have a national literature. With all its faults, there is something noble and generous in the American character. The blessings we enjoy under our Constitution are calculated to nourish a free, bold, manly nature, which wants only the humility of Reverence to make it the mother of genius.

THE PILGRIMS.

Though there be something of human weakness in pride of ancestry, there is much of filial reverence;—a lively contemplation of noble actions is a strong incentive to equal exertion;—the memory of the American Revolution is, next to religion, the best guardian of our liberties.

* * * *

The history of a colony is always so interwoven with that of its parent country, that the career of the one can only be fully explained by the conduct of the other.

You must be familiar with the character of James I, since it is well drawn by Hallam, Lingard and Bancroft, and its brighter side happily sketched in the fortunes of Nigel. Forgetting Elizabeth in four days, the nation anxiously awaited a sign of the future from her successor. The Catholic hugging a faint hope that James might by chance have inherited the inclinations of his mother:—the Puritan half believing that a

Scottish education had secretly swayed him to the principles of the kirk; — the regular clergy confidently tempting the approaching monarch with the golden bait of arbitrary power. The king yielded to the allurements of the Bishops. Then began, in earnest, the struggle between Prerogative and Privilege. The insolence of the Court was inflamed by the stubbornness of the Commons, and every fresh stretch of power awakened a corresponding burst of opposition. Zeal for prerogative had reached an alarming height under Elizabeth, when Heyle and Cecil insisted that her ability to convert her subjects' property to her own use, was as clear and perfect as her right to any revenue of the Crown; but it fell far short of the madness for despotism that raged under James.

* * * *

It was natural for men who denied the divine rights of kings, and smarted under the tyranny which such a system is sure to engender, to seek an asylum where its rigor would be softened or unfelt. The Puritan was painfully convinced that James and his Church were steeled against

him; — that to question the prerogative only *imped* its malignity. In 1608, the disciple of Robinson escaped to Amsterdam, where, freed from the petty annoyance and stern severity of bigotry, he enjoyed the blissful immunity of obeying unmolested the voice of conscience. But there was something beyond this, for which the exile sighed. The Puritan believed himself the chosen of God, favored above all men by the new light poured down upon his soul; he panted for seclusion from all intercourse with less favored mortals, and longed to build up a Church State to shine as a beacon light to the world, where none but the clean and godly might minister.

GLIMPSES OF TUSCANY.

Grecian life, in its highest aspect, was an attempt to reproduce the perfections of a lost Eden; Christian life, in its highest aspect, is purification, self-denial, self-immolation, for a paradise which can never be reached in this world, and only in the next after life-long fear and trembling. And although we strive more or less successfully to substitute the joys of the spirit for those of the flesh, yet "Even we ourselves, who have the first-fruits of the spirit, groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption of the sons of God, the redemption of our body." After the knowledge of good and evil, our paradise must have no walls. The broad expanse of which each one of us may chance to be the center, bounded by the horizon and vaulted by the sky — the whole visible landscape, with its fitful light and shade, its changing blight and bloom, its alternating sigh and song, whether subdued into use or wild as

on the morning of the first Sabbath — this whole visible universe is the only garden in harmony with the vast aspiration, the ceaseless yearning of Christian life. Our opened eyes would weary of the walled Eden, as Rasselas wearied of the Happy Valley.

It is a pure and paramount joy to grapple with the rugged earth and bend it to your will; a joy to pierce the forest to your liking and smooth a bare expanse into velvet lawn: of mortal joys perhaps the purest and most enduring. But when all is done? —

Take your stand behind the Pitti Palace almost anywhere high up the hill, on the observatory itself, if you choose. All the wide valley of the Arno, with its circumference of cultured hills and woodless mountains, is before you. For thousands of years industrious generations have been at work on that fair panorama. Yellow villas are dotting all the heights; olive trees are wrapping all the slopes in pale monotony; the vines are trailing everywhere in endless procession over mutilated mulberries; the long gray walls are solemnly parcelling out the small Tuscan farms.

All Florence is beneath you, with its domes and towers and spires, its streets and bridges, its memories and suggestions. The atmosphere is so transparent, the cultivation so perfect, that the area described by half the radius of vision seems to inclose only a vast kitchen garden. But farther on, the mist and haze are settling; the enchantment of distance is falling; Vallambrosa, gleaming on its mountain's breast, turns into some mysterious opal; the records traced by man through all those centuries are gradually erased by the quiet alchemy of nature, and the same eternal story reappears as vividly as if the superscription were but the shadow of a dream.

Turn to the Boboli at your feet. Do you wonder it is a failure — that Florence never goes there? They love their own little gardens dearly and the flowers in their windows; for these are but sweet thefts from nature to embellish home. But for these attempts to compress universal beauty into a given space, for this overprizing, overadorning of the *near*, only to be lost, or merged, or overlooked in the glory of the *far*, the Christian heart can have but little relish.

THE GOVERNESS.

“Now, Mrs. Fairface, I’ll hear your ideas about that young woman who was recommended to me for governess.” And saying so, Mr. Felix Fairface applied his slippered toes tenderly to the fender and planted his hands before him, in the attitude of one who is willing to listen.

“She was of good family, so I was told,” continued Mr. Fairface, “well bred, well educated, and all that sort of thing, which makes her poverty odious to her and agreeable to us. Have you seen her? What does she look like — ugly, or otherwise?”

“Why, otherwise, decidedly. I was, in fact, rather favorably impressed with her *personnel*,” replied Mrs. Fairface, who was in all respects, as the world goes, an elegant woman. Mrs. Fairface was a tall brunette, with dark hair and a flashing eye. A shawl flung over her shoulders couldn’t help falling gracefully. She wrote a neat

note and knew how to seal it, and was just sufficiently traitorous to the King's English to spice it with ever so little of the President's French. "I was also struck," pursued Mrs. Fairface, "with the extreme beauty and justness of her pronunciation, with that exact nicety of intonation almost peculiar to the best English families."

Here Mr. Fairface shrugged his left shoulder: he always shrugged that shoulder when his wife waxed eloquent. "Just give me a two-minute daguerreotype of her, my dear," he interposed — "I mean of her person. One can't tell what one's mind is until one knows them some time. I hope she's brains enough to be a good governess: in the present advanced stage of civilization, intelligence is so much commoner than either beauty or virtue, that one expects it as a matter of course. Go on."

"Well, then," returned the lady, in perfect good humor, "she's about the size of our Edith (who was middle-sized) — a trifle taller, perhaps — pale, thin, gray eyes, long lashes, light hair, straight nose, good mouth, excellent teeth, white hands, well made, and little feet."

"Rather a romantic creature, then," ejaculated the husband. "How does she dress?"

"Very plainly, yet with some taste. She would not be an ornament here," pursued the wife, glancing complacently around the elegant drawing-room, "yet she will certainly not disfigure it."

"You think we can trust her at table?"

"Oh, certainly. I have not seen her eat, but I feel sure that she can do so gracefully. In fact, there is only one objection to her, she, as you know, is a ——."

* * * * *

Mary Lorn, the governess, and her mother lived in two second-story rooms hired from the Dutch confectioner, who occupied the basement with his shop and kitchen, and the attic with his family. Mr. Lorn, the father, had been one of those whole-souled, high-bred men who live beyond their incomes, die in debt, and leave a score of creditors, yet not a single friend. The widow's descent from her handsome establishment to her present quarters was gradual, but inevitable; and there she seemed fixed forever, without the hope or wish to rise. Despised by her rivals, neglected

by her friends, she was thoroughly disgusted with rich people, and preferred the poor confectioner's wife to the best of the magnates who knew her once, to scorn her now. . . .

Mary was sixteen at her father's death, and had been educated chiefly by her mother, who was every way equal to the task. She was expected to create a sensation, when the sudden loss of wealth of course blighted her prospects and her charms. Nothing — not even the smallpox — disfigures a belle so soon as poverty.

* * * * *

We need not say how Mary's heart trembled as the burnished equipage glided rapidly from street to street. A thousand hopes and a thousand fears crossed her mind in such rapid succession that the ride seemed a troubled dream. She checked her tears at the sight of Fairface House, and entered it, pale, but outwardly calm. Mrs. Fairface, who was determined to be civil and patronizing, met her in the passage, and kissed the trembling creature.

"What are you afraid of, my dear?" she said, and, passing her arm around Mary's waist, led

her into an apartment adjoining the breakfast-room. Mr. Fairface was there, diligently reading the morning paper, that modern substitute for morning prayers. He gently lowered his spectacles as the governess entered, and, courteously rising, bowed and took her hand. The instant he met her eye a shudder passed over him, and his florid cheek grew, in an instant, as white as hers on whom he gazed. Mary was embarrassed, and Mrs. Fairface could not but discern some rare emotion in the ever-placid face of her spouse.

"Your name?" asked Fairface, remembering himself and recovering.

"Mary Lorn."

"Lorn enough," he sighed, after a short pause, during which a watery film gathered in his eye.

This awkward state of things was suspended by the entrance of Edith. She was one of those fresh, fascinating characters, all bloom and joy,—in appearance, all that is good and fair; in reality, nothing. She came stealing in with a bright, happy, loving smile, and advancing straight to Mary, without introduction or other preface, put her arms around her neck and embraced her tenderly.

The large, warm tears gushed from Mary's eyes at this unexpected mercy. She could not raise her head from Edith's shoulder, but hung there and wept.

"*Keep her on any terms,*" whispered Fairface to his wife, and he bolted from the room, as if to save himself from suffocating.

Why Mary wept so long may easily be guessed ; the gratitude of a true woman's heart sparkles only in the mute tear that loads the eye. And yet, there might have been in that poor, fatherless girl's heart a sense of shame in needing the affectionate support of a stranger, who, by the exhibition of sympathy, testified a knowledge of her distress.

Edith and Mary were of the same age, and yet how different. Mrs. Fairface, whose kind heart was disposed to magnify the pretensions of her protégée, had rather overestimated her charms. There was nothing striking or captivating in her person, face or address to attract the great mass of mortals. We rarely find out true beauty, either of mind or matter, unless there is some good critic or a finger-board to point it

out. No one could ever arrive at the gems of an opera or a novel unless there were newspapers to select them. But Edith was one of those universal charmers, admired alike by good and bad, wise and silly, old and young — whom no one can cherish without having a host of rivals just as able to appreciate her excellence as he is himself. There they stood: Edith rich, happy, healthy — Mary poor, sad, and almost prematurely old. It was a contrast that might tempt a better pencil.

Such is the tenderness of the female heart that it naturally inclines to relieve misfortune, until years of fashion or sin have weakened or destroyed the propensity. Edith, from her own impulses and her mother's instructions, was resolved to treat Mary as a sister at first, and to continue in that relation as long as Mary appeared to merit it. If our good resolutions cost nothing but the making of them, what a delightful world we should live in.

* * * * *

In the meanwhile Mrs. Fairface was preparing for the great interview destined to precede the

temporary concession of her darlings, her two jewels, to another's partial keeping and partial influence. Mary was soon summoned to her sitting-room, and there the colloquy began.

"My dear Mary," said Mrs. Fairface, "the sooner we understand each other the better; and a full preliminary explanation frequently averts much subsequent misunderstanding."

This exordium, which Sam Johnson himself might have envied, was received by the governess in profound silence.

* * * * *

The door opened, and *les petits bijoux* appeared — Carry and Jessie. Carry was a cherub-faced, cherub-mouthed, rosy-cheeked creature of thirteen, in short, *the ruby*; Jessie was two years younger, pale, pensive, timid, light hair and light eyes, and, as Mary thought, *the pearl*. Carry was like Edith, Jessie was like no one in the family. Carry was everybody's pet, Jessie nobody's, not even her father's. The introduction was intended to be imposing, though Mary commanded her gravity only by remembrance of her position. Carry looked up in her face and smiled sweetly,

shaking her curls archly as she repeated the set speech,—

“You must make us learn so fast, Miss Mary, that pa and ma shall be proud of us.”

Jessie hung her head, blushed and said nothing, like a good child who does nothing, because nothing is expected. But with the quick glance of childhood, Jessie had already recognized a friend and taken her first lesson — love.

Mary stooped and kissed each — perhaps she paused a moment longer over Jessie; but the preference was imperceptible, except to Jessie herself, who scarce knew how to receive, still less to return, an embrace. The child stood still, but in her face arose the flush of happiness, and all around her grew radiant at the promise of a protector and a friend.

“You can play to-day,” said Mrs. Fairface, patting Carry’s dainty head. “Saturday is a holiday all the world over for the young, and Miss Mary will excuse you until Monday morning.”

Mary bowed to the mother, and the children, hand in hand, tripped away to see what the cook was making for dinner.

"What do you think of Carry?" asked Mrs. Fairface.

"She is very beautiful," replied the governess.

"As for Jessie," resumed the mother, "she is good, but she is a queer child. It is a pity she is so unlike her sisters, but I am sure she will give you no trouble."

"On the contrary, I like her quite as well as her sister."

"You do!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairface, in amazement; and Mary wondered no longer at the pale face of the neglected child.

"Pa is coming," said Edith, as she entered the room, and shortly after the prophecy pa appeared, accompanied by a young gentleman, to whom Mrs. Fairface was all attention, and before whom Edith blushed.

"You are happier, I see," said Mr. Fairface, in an undertone to Mary. "Believe me, you are not amongst strangers. What were her terms?" he continued, taking his wife aside.

"Oh, you mean what she expected us to pay?"

"Why, certainly I do."

"Well, really," stammered the lady, coloring, "I omitted that."

"Of course you did," said Fairface, smiling in ineffable scorn. "Of course you did, you dear, good, business-hating woman. The arrangement's left for me?"

"Yes."

"Agreed!"

* * * * *

Mary bowed, and they returned to the other room, where the dinner was soon announced. A governess at table, nine times out of ten, is annoying to others and a torment to herself. Annoying to others, because they scarcely know how to treat her, or what to say to her; they have to hit the difficult medium between too much attention and too little respect. Even a poor relation is not half so troublesome — the family at least is ascertained, and there is one point of communion, though the coat may not be so new nor the gown so bright. A torment to herself, because she is well aware of the restraint she imposes on the others; because forced civility is easily told and little relished; because she is rather tolerated than welcomed, a retainer rather than a guest. If human nature were the correct thing

it is sometimes said to be, if its inherent dignity were anything more than none of the clearest starch, the case might be otherwise. But it is certain that Mary wished herself anywhere else in the world than just where she was, between Carry and Jessie, immediately opposite Edith and her accepted; and it is equally certain that young Henry Arlington would have gratified her wish with fairy-book rapidity, and transported her to Lapland or New Zealand without so much as one regret. And even did we pry too closely into Edith's breast and her mother's heart, a shadow of the same wish might be discerned. But for Fairface, the meal would have been insufferably heavy; but he broke the ice with the edge of his bold, broad humor, and without any apparent exertion diverted the attention from Mary to himself. The high-spirited girl — for proud she was — had accepted his liberality without a spark of gratitude, but her heart warmed to him at this mark of nobler generosity. Hitherto she had doubted Fairface; she now felt inclined to trust him, and when they rose she felt as if her guardian angel, lingering at the confectioner's room,

had just followed her, and was in the house. And who that moves into a new house has not sometimes felt with Mary?

Edith, the blooming, led the way to the parlor, assiduously escorted by Henry Arlington. Mrs. Fairface followed with Carry; and Jessie, the forlorn, with the governess, brought up the rear. Fairface remained at the table enjoying his cigar and his glass of wine. We are tempted to remain with him and expose the thoughts of this singular compound of delicacy and coarseness,—to exercise the novelist's privilege of knowing and telling what passes in the minds of his characters; but let us leave him to his meditations, for Edith is singing. It may be remembered that Mary's services were not required for Edith, who was accounted perfect — finished in every respect and above tuition.

* * * * *

There is nothing in after-life approaching the utter loneliness of a neglected child. As our years advance, our resources increase; we learn to stand alone, to live in ourselves, and by gradual experience curtail our sympathies and mark the

lines between ourselves and others. But a noble child cannot exist in itself; like a luxuriant vine it shoots out a thousand tendrils, beseeching a prop to lift it from the ground; it must have love, sympathy, support; from within, it gathers nothing; the tender flower looks up for the light and the dew of human kindness. And when those tendrils are rudely shaken from the parent stem, when the accidental prop of an hour is torn from its bleeding clasp, what, after all, is the pang of despised love, in contrast with such bitter, hopeless suffering?

LORETTO.

The horses stopped of their own accord beside a little ice-bound brook, and then walked most leisurely. The road was shut in by hills and trees, and wound gradually from a hollow up to a high point of land, commanding a fine view of the city and the river beyond it. Melville smiled sadly; the intelligent animals were truer to the past than he. Yes, it was Lel's favorite ride! *There* had she been day after day with him; in spring, when the first flowers were blooming, when the loving leaves stretched forth their tender cheeks to the soft kisses of the south winds, and decked the reviving branches for wooing birds; in summer, when the little brook babbled against the heat, when thirsting doves came to drink and peck there, when the flocks and herds slumbered in the cool shade of noble

oaks, when the bearded wheat and tasselled corn waved in green and gold; in autumn, when the mellow fruit glanced in beauty through the orchards, when every hill-top and every bottom glowed in gorgeous livery of a thousand dyes, as if the numberless leaves had caught and held fast the colors of the sunset clouds.

* * * * *

After tea they took a walk down the road — Agnes with her mother, Lel with the Colonel. Lel had never seen Loretto in summer; the hand of a fairy seemed to have passed over the place; all round her was beauty and repose. The lark was gliding lazily to bed; the night-hawk was wheeling and darting through the air; the cows were soberly walking home “as if conscious of human affection;” the sheep were lying down in white groups for the night; the trees sighed in the evening wind; and the distant spire of the convent was colored by the crimson clouds on which the sun was still shining from beneath the horizon. There was a holy calm in Lel’s breast, as beautiful and pro-

found as the repose of the scene on which she gazed.

* * * *

Whilst Agnes was thus advancing in the school of the cross, Lel undertook to accomplish herself in all the departments of country life. She rose before the sun, and (gentle reader, wince not!) fed the chickens, pigeons, geese, ducks and turkeys; she learned that corn was planted and wheat sown; she was initiated into the mysteries of milking, creaming, churning, curds and cheese; and her rural ambition endeared her to every hand about the place, to the dairymaid in particular. She knew the names of all the birds, and could distinguish them by their notes; the lark, the plover, the robin, the quail, the woodcock, the flicker, the blackbird, were no longer strangers, but familiar friends. She loved to take the shade with the reapers at nooning, and laugh and jest with them; and there, with her green sun-bonnet cast carelessly aside, and her back against the rough tree, few would have recognized in our Lel the admitted leader of fashion, the reigning star of many a winter.

After dinner the next day they went to the card-room together. Lel begged not to have the gas lit, so they sat and talked in the beautiful twilight — talked over old times, and Mrs. Hoity, and Sister Agnes, until, one by one, the same set began to drop in and the room was lighted. Then, for the first time, Mr. Almy observed an addition to the furniture. Lel had ordered a piano on trial; her old one was wearing out at last; Chickering's grands were said to be so much better than hers. It was a noble instrument, and stood pretty well out in the room so as to have its finger-board well under the action of the gasolier. She had also bought a quantity of new music to play over for Melville, and it lay menacingly on the card-table. But she swept it away as soon as the gentlemen appeared, and, after exchanging compliments with them, began to try it over with the soft pedal down. She had kept her word, and found some other way to amuse herself, as she had promised. This was her masked battery.

She touched the keys very lightly at first — just a note here and there — a little spirit of

melody and then silence. She seemed disposed to respect the sanctity of their game; she would doubtless go to bed soon. But two of the principal players were two of her oldest adorers; they had petted her when she was a child, and made her sing and play for them as soon as she could strike an octave or turn a tune. They were two bachelor brothers, very fond of good living and good music — very fond of cards, too, subordinately. Lel remembered perfectly that Sam, the elder, had a weakness for “God save the King.” He considered “God save the King” the greatest mortal composition. He could whistle a light opera through after one hearing, but he stuck to “God Save the King” for all that. After trifling with her new music an hour or more, she threw it aside and began to improvise. She began a very long way from the English anthem, but Sam instantly pricked up his ears — he scented the melody afar off. He looked once or twice askant at his Brother Barnard. Now and then a dreamy suggestion of the strain came sweeping by in a swift, smothered minor, and Sam was all at sea, mistook two pairs for

a full, and got well laughed at in the bargain; but Barnard, although he controlled himself better, got nervous, too, and forgot to pass the knife and *anti*, much to the disgust of several ancient gentlemen who could not account for such absurd behavior. Presently, however, the full phrase was enunciated, and Lel carried the theme straight and simply through with her left hand. Then all was chaos again, with a vague purpose glimmering through it — with only a feeble, broken spiral of sunshine on the troubled waters. And then a grand let-there-be-light prelude, as she swept the scale with both hands, lashing the powerful instrument into orchestral fury, and looking herself like an inspired priestess of song. After much coughing and choking, after several suppressed indications of joining in the air, after manifold fatal discardings, and serious losses, Sam threw down his hand and burst in with the words, at the top of his voice. They tried to stop him, but it was no use; he went through to the end.

SENTENCES, PHRASES AND FIGURES

A REPTILE'S life is poor vengeance for his sting.

DISHONOR must be lived down; we cannot die it out.

WHEN God deserts, let man be truer to himself.

I HAVE chased
These flying honors with such headlong speed,
The shock of meeting them has stunned me.

HEROES seem always mad to fools and cowards.
WAR, on whose burnished wings insulted Peace
Escape the ravishment of Tyranny.

A HERO'S but the idol of a crowd:
A husband worth the name — a household god.
THE panther crouches ere he smites his prey.

A WOMAN'S smile transmutes
Our sigh to transport and our tears to pearl.

HER lips were arched in heaven and falsehood
found no footing there.

LIKE two sweet springs they met and then flowed on together.

TO KNOW God only by reputation.

TO FLY at you like a blind bat.

HE might have said a great deal more and meant a great deal less.

A FAVORABLE specimen of metallic aristocracy.

HE's so much better than he looks that I'm ashamed of his appearance.

LIGHT-HEARTED as she was, it did not require a microscope to detect the worm of grief lurking beneath the gaily tinted rind of merriment.

A LIGHT manner may accompany a strong, true heart, just as exterior dignity may hide a weak one.

MEN may say De Soto failed; they shall never say he faltered.

IF you war on woman, let your adversary be more than a girl.

A LIGHT-HEARTED, flippant girl, with wit enough to amuse others, but without prudence enough to govern herself.

LET a man be his own first friend: he'll have the second one soon enough.

THERE are sorrows in which we cling to friends for comfort; but there are deeper ones, when our own accusing conscience inflames the wound, from which our friends, the witnesses of our weakness, are banished.

A WARM fancy is often mistaken for a warm heart, because it has all the language of sorrow when feeling is dumb.

THE child that is dying seems of more value than all the rest.

A SENSITIVE nature, ever fearful of paining others, often introduces the subject it shrinks from in the bluntest way.

PARENTAL coldness blights the noblest child.

A NOBLE nature lives a double life, feeling another's rapture as well as its own.

WHEN two women meet in controversy, good-bye to a fair conclusion.

WE are easily deluded into good nature, when what we know to be a failure is construed by others into success.

A YOUNG lady after a ball is like a spring that has been stirred with a stick: the skies are no longer reflected; there is no inducement either to stop to gaze or to stoop to drink. Even the bright, gurgling laugh is but a muddy murmur.

THE prisoner released from his familiar cell trembles and droops in the daylight, and the existence for which he has pined is at first dreary and desolate.

IN moments of anguish we often think aloud.

SORROW, passion, death, were encountered by God in descending to man; sorrow, passion, death, must be encountered by man in ascending to God.

THERE is nothing so little valued by society as the pleasures of religion, whilst nothing is less prized by religion than the pleasures of society.

SO MANY acquaintances, without one friend!

DRESS makes many a fool pass current, and many a monster human.

THE world is never well pleased when called on to admire virtues it does not practice.

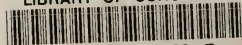
A WEDDING is always one note, at least, above a funeral.

CÆSAR must have his Brutus, Charles the First, his Cromwell, and poets — their publishers.

FROM the way in which innocence is seen to cleave to depravity, I am inclined to think there is a sneaking fondness for the devil in the best of us.

ONLY by constant meditation do we comprehend that life is but a preparation for death; and unless this great truth is realized, where is the folly in living as if time were the main thing and eternity a trifle?

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